

Week ending December 9 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

New serial by Martha Albrand
THE DESPERATE WOMAN

LAWRENCE EARL'S AMETHYST EPIC :
"YANGTSE INCIDENT"





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EDITORIAL

Keep Liberalism alive—but in a new way?

ONE WOMAN AND EIGHT men in Parliament are the talk of the 616 other M.P.s. They are the Liberals—the little remnant of the once great party which was led in office, within living memory, by Gladstone, Asquith and Lloyd George.

Chance has given these nine people an importance out of proportion to their numbers. That is because the Government's majority is so small that a hostile vote of all the Liberal handful might lead to defeat and resignation.

So the future of the Liberal Party is one of the biggest question marks in British politics. Has it any future? Has it any genuine political importance, once the present freakish situation at Westminster is ended—as one day it will be ended—by a General Election with a decisive result?

These are vital questions for the Liberals themselves. The question which is still more important for the ordinary citizen is this: Is there any future in Britain for any third party?

Under a rotary system such as "proportional representation," which the French use, the total number of votes cast for Liberal candidates in the last General Election would have given the Liberal Party at least fifty seats, instead of nine.

The Liberals, therefore, are not happy about their present Parliamentary insignificance in numbers. They smart under what they feel is an electoral injustice, and some of them listen gladly to the blandishments of any other party leader who holds out hope of P.R. or some other kind of electoral reform.

If Liberals take such suggestions seriously, they are undoubtedly deluding themselves, whether the seductive voice comes from the Right or from the Left.

FOR this British democratic system, and the very working of the Constitution itself, is based on the existence of two dominant political parties which offer the country at all times an alternative government to the one in office.

Why not three alternatives instead of two?

Because experience shows that in a three-party Parliament, a government is normally founded only on a coalition between two of the parties. Thus a House of Commons containing a number of Liberal members might, as in 1929, set up a Labour

Government—but the Liberals could bring it down at any time merely by withdrawing their support. That is precisely the sort of situation which the British dislike. We have the instinctive feeling that the time to unseat a government, if at all, is at a General Election, and that the people to do it are, not the politicians, but the ordinary men and women backing their opinions at the polling booth.

In any case, no firm and adventurous government can emerge from a Parliament containing three strong parties. The ideal position, which extracts the best results both from the Constitution and the national temperament, is to have two strong parties in the House of Commons and a number of Independent M.P.s.

But for effective action, one of the strong parties must be a good deal stronger than the other.

It is simply the Liberal Party's misfortune to have been jockeyed by social and economic trends into the position of a Centre Party—which may have a real part to play in French, Italian and Dutch politics, for example, but which normally has little scope in the British political set-up.

It boils down to this—that most Britons prefer a stable government—even of the "wrong" party—to a patched-up and unstable one based on alliances between party caucuses. Therefore, our two-party system is today reasserting itself—and we should remember that it has already functioned for three hundred years.

There is no prospect that the Liberals will ever again be an effective force in Parliament. But the Liberal spirit remains an effective force in public opinion. It dominates the Right wing of the Labour Party and the Left wing of the Conservatives. It is humane, civilized, and founded on the highest principles of tolerance and decency.

It should be preserved—and if it cannot be preserved in a political form, it ought to be given expression in another way.

Most British people are "Liberals" at heart, but in order to get things done, they are more and more driven to cast their votes for either a Conservative or Labour administration, according to their personal wishes or consciences.

What we urgently need is a way to keep Liberalism—the "middle way"—alive without upsetting constitutionally elected government.

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FREE SPEECH

The over-tidy home spoils a marriage

WHEN I MARRIED two years ago, I vowed, on the advice and example of my mother, to keep the house spick and span. I followed a rigid routine with my housework and was proud of the fact that the house was always spotless.

We were fairly happy—as far as a couple without children can be happy—until my husband left me without any warning. A few months ago we met to attempt a reconciliation, and he told me then that, among other things, the house had never been “home” to him; it was always so tidy. I swallowed my pride, and now we are again living together, much happier than we were before. I don’t bother him about his untidiness now, but it still grieves me to see ash dropped over the carpet, books left on top of the radio and theatre tickets stuck into picture frames.—HOUSEWIFE, London, W.C.2.

Dangers Of The Yangtse

LAURENCE EARL’S DESCRIPTION in the first part of *Yangtse Incident* of the dangers of navigating the Yangtse River reminded me of when I was a member of the crew of H.M.S. *Glory*, a 13,000-ton battleship, in April, 1903. We steamed 620 miles up the Yangtse to Wu Chang—a record in river travel for a ship of this size. The British pilot and the navigating officers certainly had plenty of anxious moments.—H. A. MILLER, 89 The Headlands, Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

... In 1912 I was aboard the cruiser H.M.S. *Hawke*, which anchored off Nanking. Sun Yat Sen’s revolution had just reached the city and all night long from the shore we heard yells and shots. We were on the same kind of job as *Amethyst*—in our case, it was taking relief crews to our river boats on those dreary waters.—T. JOHNSON, 16 Pilton Gardens, Edinburgh.

Remedy For Cruelty

PINES ARE NOT, I agree, the right sort of punishment for those found guilty of cruelty (JOHN BULL Editorial, November 11). People found guilty of cruelty to children should be sent to children’s hospitals and nurseries to help them understand that cruelty is not necessary in order to get obedience. In the same way, people convicted of cruelty to animals could learn, under supervision at kennels and stables, how to train and look after them properly.—R. W. VOWELL, Glyn Garth, Llanbedrog, Pwllheli, North Wales.

“Keep Left” Pavements

A STRANGER IN LONDON, I am constantly amazed at the thousands of people who wander about crowded pavements in the rush hours. How much easier if pedestrians conformed to the “Keep Left” rule, as they do in Durban, South Africa. There, the pavements in the business and shopping areas have a yellow line drawn along their centres and KEEP LEFT is painted on the concrete. There is no awkward dodging or

scurrying and no bad temper.—D. D. DIESPLEKER, Brooke House Hotel, Brooke Street, London, E.C.1.

C.D.’s Social Side

THOUGH I AGREE WITH your Editorial that we need a fully trained Civil Defence force in case of emergency (JOHN BULL, November 18), I don’t think the present cold officialdom is the right way to attract volunteers. Just telling people it is their duty to join is not enough. Let the local authorities open up social centres where volunteers can meet to spend a social evening and get to know each other, and to which they could take their friends and relatives. Show them the happy side of the C.D. organization and they will want to join.—VOLUNTEER, Manchester.

... The authorities should run a series of afternoon lectures for mothers who are prevented from attending or enrolling in anything that entails leaving children at night. For their own peace of mind, many mothers like myself would be glad to be prepared and know how to cope with an emergency.—MRS. K. WRAY, 46 Charles Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.

Specialist Was Like Satan

AN INVALID FOR three and a half years, I have seen several specialists in that time. Why do so many of them have that sardonic look? Their attitude is so frightening that most patients get worked up about it all until they are almost in a state of collapse by the time



the examination is due. The last specialist who saw me looked like Satan himself. Surely a smile and a cheery word would go a long way to help reassure the patient and make such great men—as these specialists really are—much more popular.—MRS. M. H., Yorkshire.

Welshmen In Exile

THE WELSH NATIONALIST PARTY’S idea seems to me to amount to cutting off your nose to spite your face (“The Gentle Rebels Of Wales,” November 18). In the Rhondda, where I lived for fourteen years, half the Welsh people have boys and girls in England in good jobs. The two countries are so interlocked in trade and commerce you could not divide them.—EX-TAFF, Devon.

... There is a certain passage in Dennis Holman’s article which reads: “A Welshman abroad is not the same

as a Welshman at home; his behaviour is supposed to deteriorate and his morals suffer.” How utterly ridiculous and insulting! In any city, town or hamlet all over the world the exiled “Cymro” will be found in the forefront of public, social and political life.—DAFYDD JONES, 3 Lower Clifton Hill, Bristol.

The Indifferent Boxer

DUKE, MY THREE-YEAR-OLD DOG, always takes an interest when animals appear on the covers of JOHN BULL. In this snapshot, you can see how puzzled he was by the boxer puppy’s indifference to the kitten near his bone. Duke’s own reactions would have been to chase the kitten up the nearest tree.—J. MELHUISE, 282 Park Avenue, Bushey, Herts.



Duke was puzzled

Pantry Raider Confessed

CRITICISM RECENTLY FOLLOWED the Caction of an Army officer who, to discover the identity of a wrongdoer, cancelled all leave and passes in his unit. Yet an experience of mine suggests that his method was a good one. An outbreak of pantry raiding was attributed by my wife to our three eldest boys, who are aged from eleven to thirteen. All my threats and cajoling, even a hearty thrashing, failed, so in desperation—and perhaps a little temper, too—I ordered them to remain in the house until the culprit owned up. To my surprise, he confessed within an hour.—J. STONE, 2 South View, Tantobie, Newcastle.

A Mast He Climbed

I TRAINED AT H.M.S. *St. Vincent* during the war and had to climb the mast shown in A. R. Thomson’s cover painting (JOHN BULL, November 18). One night some “new boys” emptied a paint pot over the statues of Victoria and Albert inside the main gate. We got a laugh—until next morning, when we were detailed to parade two hours round the statues every night!—A. R., Derby.

Better Manners In Rugger

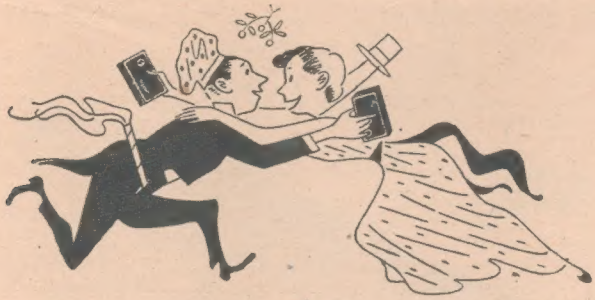
FOR MANY YEARS an inveterate lover of Association football, I am slowly becoming converted to the more mannerly game of rugger, because I find a greater degree of sportsmanship reflected in rugger. In soccer so many disgraceful remarks are addressed to the players that I begin to wonder if soccer really is the symbol of British sportsmanship. On my occasional visits to the rugby ground I find an immaculately clean and restrained atmosphere—never once have I seen examples of ill temper.—T. HAMILTON, 196 Orton Road, Carlisle, Cumberland.

John Bull welcomes readers’ views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope “Free Speech” and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK’S COVER

“AS a small boy with two elder sisters, I remember that our pooled pocket money never seemed to go far,” says cover artist W. E. Narraway. “But choosing presents was the greater problem and crammed shop windows like this one only made it worse. Chocolates were a good stand-by, but it was disastrous to buy them too far ahead, or gaps would appear in the top layer before Christmas Day.”





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a hundred Player's for Christmas



how sensible

Christmas presents would be

[NCC 739Q]



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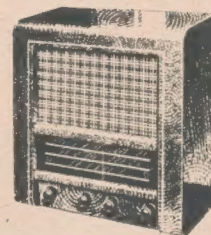
What makes his job so highly skilled — and so exacting — is that his raw materials, barley, hops and yeast, are natural living things needing constant supervision. Indeed all these ingredients may vary in flavour from district to district and from year to year; so the brewer must forever be applying his art to ensure that local tastes are met and that beer at its best comes to you across the counter.

beer is best

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Dramatic new John Bull serial by MARTHA ALBRAND

THE DESPERATE WOMAN

He hated Germans. And now he had to spend his life among them — without Anne. For Anne, they told him, was dead

HE WAS WRONG. It wasn't the same at all. Everything was different. There were, for instance, pails of water. Water that splashed and spilled on to the floor whenever the train swerved or rounded a curve. And drinking cups, battered tin cups swaying on metal chains. There had been pails before, but never a cup, and the pails had always been empty. Now, whenever the train stopped and the guards outside the bolted doors changed watch with the guards riding with the prisoners, one of them would make sure of a fresh supply.

Five years of uneasy peace had accomplished something at least, thought Simeon. There was enough space to breathe, to move, to stretch out. Years ago, the danger of being trampled on, perhaps trampled to death, had been just another menace to their lives. Now they were only twenty men, not counting the four guards, one in each corner. They had been close to a hundred then, the first time, and very nearly 200 the second time he had been shoved into a cattle wagon. Women, even men, had fainted, children had died, and some had gone mad.

Simeon turned his head away sharply and stared at the guard sitting opposite him. This face had watched him, day in, day out, for the last year. It was a typical German face, round and smooth. Round, smooth eyes, a smooth, full mouth with the easy smile that, in an instant, could express cruelty.

Simeon bore Becker no personal grudge. It was just that he would never be able to look at a German again without hatred. Even now, after all these years, hate was the one emotion within him which had not died. As Simeon's mouth went dry, Becker began to shift in his corner seat. His hand clutched the gun on his knee a little tighter and, guided purely by instinct, for Simeon had not moved, he turned it slowly, until it pointed straight at Simeon.

"Careful, Rodasky."

In spite of the authority with which he spoke there was uneasiness in Becker's voice. An abrupt silence fell. For a moment all that could be heard was the wheels singing on the worn-out tracks and, mingled with this sound, the

The camp's electric plant had been hit. They had to get away before emergency lighting was switched on. The wire was not electrified now

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE



The warden turned, and Simeon turned with him. There, leaning against the wall, was Anne

sharp click of almost simultaneously cocked safety-catches as the three other guards straightened up in alarm.

Simeon had not moved. He could feel the eyes of the guards fastening on him, digging into his spine, the back of his neck, his face; their eyes sized him up—feet, legs, his whole body—while his own unwaveringly held Becker's. He could not trust himself to move. He told himself silently: I was ready to accept death but not this, never this, never to spend the rest of my life among Germans. German faces; wherever he looked there were German faces.

Thirty more years; at the best thirty more. . . . They even smelled German. It was a smell he had learned to distinguish, the smell of the people who had murdered his mother and father. He could still see his father strung up on the barbed-wire fence, his body a target.

In a way, Simeon had never really known his father, the rather small, thin-boned man, with almost timid gestures, helpless without his glasses. A country doctor, tirelessly concerned with his patients, proud of his only son, a man who believed in God, took care of stray animals and grafted roses in his spare time.

What had made this shy, peace-loving man hide a British agent in his house? The raid that night had revealed not only that the Vernons were harbouring a spy, but that others, too, had not obeyed the laws imposed upon them by the Germans. Weapons had been found in the Thiolat house and those of their neighbours. To demonstrate what would happen to anyone not complying with German orders, their homes had been burned and the owners rounded up and herded into a cattle wagon. The cattle wagon had stood waiting for days in a siding until it started to move towards an unknown destination.

It was the rolling of the wheels under him now which had brought back the panic of those days, brought back also a picture of the little town in which he had been a boy, the dusty road, bordered by high poplars, along which he had walked to school, brought back the memory of a little girl, Marie-Anne.

There had never been anyone else but Anne. They had met when he was ten and she eight, neighbours' children, and from then on nothing had been able to separate them, except for one painful year when all girls seemed silly to him

and another, later period, when Anne retaliated and told him boys his age were beneath her.

Anne, sang the wheels. Anne, Anne.

She and her parents had been herded with them into the cattle train which was to be followed by so many others, carrying French patriots out of reach of any possible help, into exile. On that long, cruel journey to Poland—only they hadn't known then that Poland was to be the last stop—they had lost their childhood for ever.

Only once had he seen her cry. That was shortly after her father's death, when her mother had committed suicide. And her tears had shocked him into action. There was no hope of escape, yet suddenly he had begun to hope.

"All we have left now is each other. But I love you. We mustn't give up. One day, somehow, we will escape. As long as you are alive. . . ."

Shortly after that the miracle had come. A Russian bomber attacking the German lines had dropped some of its load on the way to Warsaw. The electric plant of the camp had been hit, and before the emergency lights could be switched on, Anne and he had cleared the uncharged barbed wire.

Anne, the wheels kept singing. Anne, Anne. Now they were lying in their hide-out in the woods. He had just returned from Warsaw after leaving her alone for days, returned with forged passports. At first she had not understood why their best chance of survival lay in pretending to be Polish.

"We must forget who we were," he had told her over and over again. "We must forget whatever we have known before. You are no longer Marie-Anne Thiolat. I am no longer Simeon Vernon. We are brother and sister, Anna and Simeon Rodasky, from Poznan. That's a district which once belonged to Germany. With what we have learned of the two languages, we'll get by. We must never speak French again."

Like shadows, the people who had helped them passed across his mind: Father Feliks, the priest he had found on the first day he had dared leave their hiding place, and others, and Anne. . . . Anne, sang the wheels. An-ne-An-ne-An-ne.

He had closed his eyes. He opened them again now. The guards were still looking at him. Although he had never given them a moment's trouble since he had started to serve his life sentence five years ago, all of them were alert

to the fact that inherent in any transportation of prisoners was the danger of an attempted break, that even the most trusted of their charges might suddenly, against all odds, succumb to an overpowering desire for freedom.

At that moment the train drew to a sharp stop. The doors were thrown open. A shrill voice ordered: "Single file. No talking." Trained throughout the years to immediate obedience, the prisoners lined up and marched across the small, obviously new platform, past the station and on to the road that led to the prison.

They could see it almost as soon as they left the station. They knew it because one of the two officials who had come to meet the transport pointed it out to the assistant warden who had travelled with them. It was like a castle, perched like an eagle's nest on one of the hills surrounding the little valley.

In silence, they crossed the village square where, on a slender pillar, the Virgin Mary, with gently outstretched hands, was blessing the waters of the fountain built around her. Wrought-iron signs depicting animals, or spelling names, swayed gently in the wind. The inn, the butcher, the shoemaker. Old men, short pipes in their toothless mouths, stood gossiping, touching a hand to their flat, felt hats in respectful greeting as the officials came into view, but turning their backs abruptly on the prisoners, as if they wanted to ignore the fact that they had to live within a short distance of criminals. But the women quickly gathered their small children around them, calling out to the older ones to join them and, in contrast to their men, looked curiously over the heads of their offspring at the prisoners being led by.

They crossed a curved bridge across a small stream, and after a little while the road began to lead uphill, growing steeper and narrower the farther they proceeded. Here patches of snow still covered the ground. For a moment, just before they reached the plateau on which the castle stood squarely behind walls built of rock, they paused and, as if in silent command, turned to look at the view.

The valley spread out beneath them, the stream they had just crossed wound its way between the still barren patches of grey, tilled fields, the white-capped mountains were darkening above a lower chain of hills. Then the gate swung open and closed behind them and the procedure of photographing, fingerprinting and checking began.

BECKER stood in front of Grote, the head warden of Felseck. "I do not trust that Rodasky," he said. "Personally, if I may say so, I think he's cracked. Insane," he corrected himself.

Grote, sitting behind his desk, reached out and once more opened the record in front of him. Simeon Rodasky, he read to himself, trying to impress the name on his memory.

Grote was a heavy man with slow movements, past fifty, but with the eager, intelligent face of a student. Perhaps his many freckles gave one the illusion of youth. They not only covered the bridge of his short nose but most of his face as well, even at this time of the year, March. He had rather small, dark brown eyes. Altogether, the name the prisoners had given him suited him. He was called the "Seal."

Now, as he re-read Rodasky's record, which he had studied carefully before calling in Becker, he picked at his short moustache. It reminded Becker of Hitler. But he knew that the Seal was an old-timer, a man who had grown up during those humane years which had followed the first World War and had kept faith with the standards of the short-lived Weimar Republic. He could afford to keep that moustache.

"What makes you say that?" Grote asked, putting the pages with the psychiatrist's report back into the folder.

Becker was at a loss. "I don't know," he

Continued on page 25



Mothers look after their own babies, but Miss Lockhart (right) supervises everything. This oversize cot is used while feeds are being prepared

Haven for unmarried mothers

At the house they call the Cross-Roads Club, the vicar's daughter meets an old problem

in a new way. "It's the baby that counts," she says

by MURIEL SEGAL

WHEN SHE WAS QUITE a small girl, Gladys Lockhart used to go visiting in the village with her clergyman father. At one time, almost everywhere they went young Miss Lockhart heard scraps of gossip about the sixteen-year-old nursemaid at the "big house": she was being turned out; her parents refused to have her at home; and she was going to have a baby. The clergyman's daughter was shocked, and, although she could do nothing to help the nursemaid, the case made a deep impression on her mind.

Indeed, as a result of that memory, Miss Lockhart, now a blue-eyed, soft-spoken woman, has since cared for no fewer than 600 unmarried mothers, helping them through their worst time.

Office workers, shop assistants, telephone operators, nurses—all from respectable homes—come to a house in suburban London known as the Cross-Roads Club when they are "in trouble." There Miss Lockhart surrounds the girls with comfort and gives them plenty of freedom. "We have so little time to make up to them for all their suffering," she says.

There are usually ten expectant mothers resident at the Cross-Roads Club, and ten mothers

with babies. Currently, these include a typist, an art student, a hospital nurse and a dancing-teacher. The house stands high on a hill with a good view from the veranda. Several prams are usually lined up there on a sunny day, with others scattered over the lawns of the big garden. The girls awaiting their time sit around the fire knitting or go for strolls together in the woods. They are free to come and go as they please, and there are few rules.

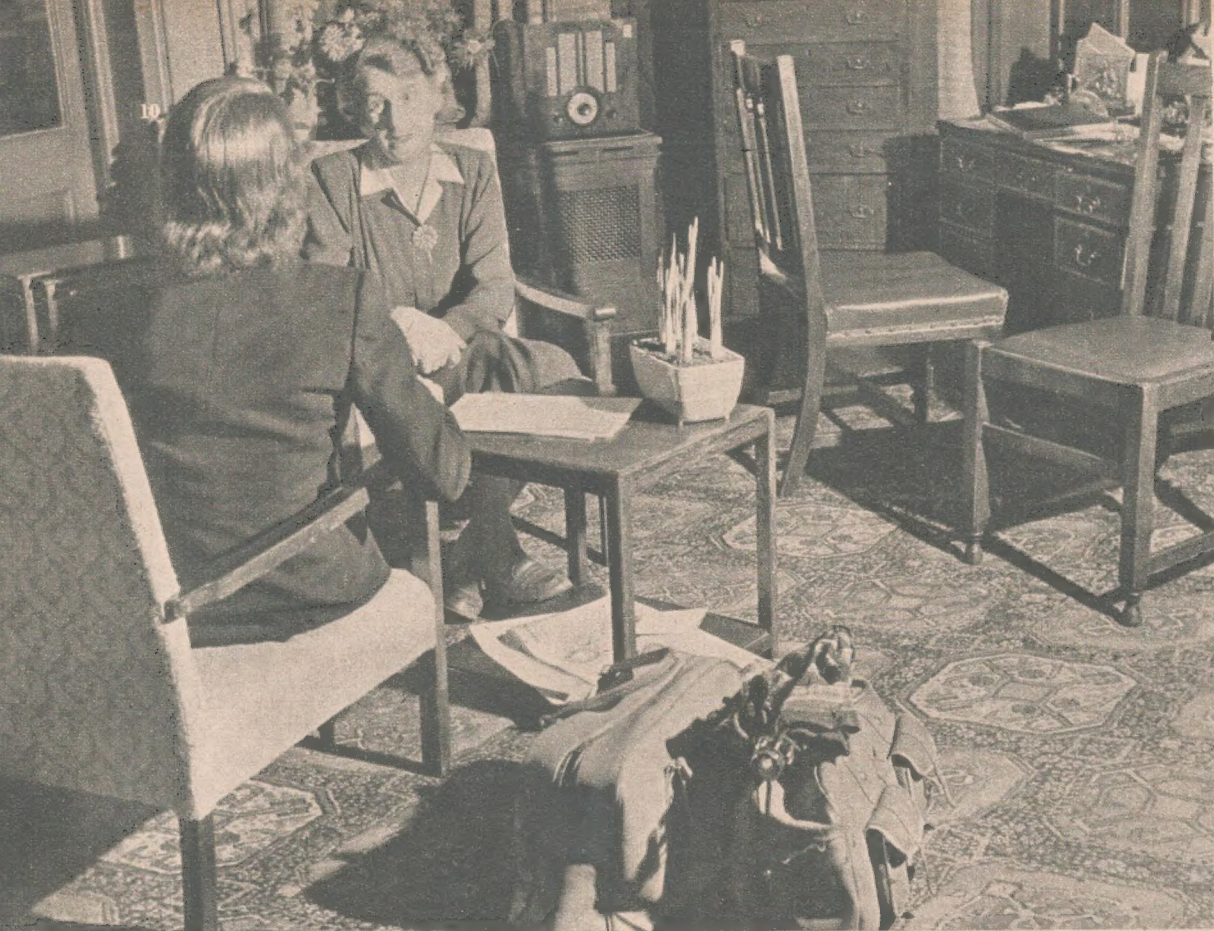
Giving unmarried mothers "all that spoiling" is, perhaps, a new approach to an old problem. Miss Lockhart knows that many critics believe unmarried mothers should take the consequences. "But it is the child we are concerned with now," she says. "It must have at least one parent to love and respect." It is for this reason that she believes the mother *must* be rehabilitated.

She herself is never off duty. She leaves the door to her chintzy sitting-room ajar so that any of the girls can drop in for an informal chat. Every girl does drop in to tell her story during her stay. "The stories differ very little," Miss Lockhart says. "A married man has promised that his divorce will come through any day now—but somehow he never

gets his freedom. Then, when 'this' happens, she writes to him, watching every post for a reply. Eventually, she realizes none will come. She keeps changing her job for fear something will be noticed at the office and stays well away from family and friends."

Gladys Lockhart says that she never comes across girls who are pregnant as the result of a wild party or too much drink; nor does she meet girls who do not know the identity of the father. There was the case of the selfish mother who threatened hysterics every time her son mentioned marriage. He didn't marry the girl—but he should have. The mother of another of Miss Lockhart's wards told her of a young man who had practically lived in their home for two years and was courting her daughter. It wasn't until too late that they learned he had a wife and children living a few streets away.

In almost every case, Miss Lockhart finds, the girl would refuse to marry the father of the child even if she could. She feels that he has let her down in her greatest need and she rarely wants anything more to do with him. In a few cases, the father does become reconciled with the girl and they arrange to marry. Miss



New arrivals must be put at their ease. Miss Lockhart leaves her desk for an informal welcome

Lockhart agrees with the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child, however, in disapproving of marriages for any motive except love.

Miss Lockhart, who dislikes being called Matron or Supervisor, has delicate problems to handle. When a pregnant girl arrives at the home she takes very little interest in the future of her child. Once born, she wants to keep it at all costs. Every effort is made to help her in this. "Only fourteen out of eighty babies born here this year have had to be adopted," Miss Lockhart says. "Usually the best solution is for the girl's parents to accept their new grandchild so that it can be brought up in a family atmosphere and have a nearly normal home life."

The most pathetic moment for the unmarried mother is just after the baby is born, Miss Lockhart believes. "She can no longer keep her secret. It is then that the other women in the maternity ward recognize her as unmarried. No husband tiptoes in to gaze with silent awe at his new son or daughter. No parents fuss around her. She has no flowers, no letters, no visitors with presents for the baby, and no one to admire it with her except a rare visit from another Cross-Roads girl who knows what it is like to be alone."

"Outcasts" Become Friends

The girls who go through their ordeal together often form lasting friendships. They soon come to realize that they are not alone in their feeling of being outcast and deserted. Sometimes two girls become such firm friends that, after their babies are born, they set up house together, working in shifts so that one can care for the children while the other is earning a livelihood.

In the course of any year, Miss Lockhart meets girls of all kinds. There was Marie-Louise, for instance, a French girl who did not dare return to her strict Catholic family in a provincial town of her native land. Eventually, Miss Lockhart persuaded Marie-Louise's mother to welcome daughter and granddaughter back. It was not long after this that Miss Lockhart had further good news; the French girl wrote joyfully to say that she was to be married. Girls at the Cross-Roads Club are taught that they must be frank about the baby when they marry; that they must not found a marriage on deception.

Another of Miss Lockhart's charges, Lily, was working in an hotel when the proprietor began taking too personal an interest in her. She

became pregnant. Terrified, she sought out the proprietor's wife who, until then, had been quite unaware of the affair. The wife came to Miss Lockhart, begging her to help. She did. After the baby was born, Lily was found a job in a happy country household.

While, outwardly, Gladys Lockhart is still very much the timid, vicar's daughter, there is great energy hidden behind her quiet manner. She supervises everything in the house—cooking, cleaning, catering, repairs. She copes with it all between seeing one girl off to the maternity ward and finding jobs for those ready to leave.

Miss Lockhart and the Cross-Roads Club can, of course, only touch on the national problem of dealing with unmarried mothers. Three



Mother and baby leave. Girls are told to be frank if, later, a man proposes marriage

thousand of these unfortunate women make their way every year to the office in Bloomsbury where the letters N.C.U.M.C. discreetly announce the headquarters of the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child. However much the illegitimate birthrate fluctuates—from the peak ten per cent of all births in 1945 to the steady five per cent of 1948—the annual figure of 3,000 who apply to the N.C.U.M.C. for help seldom varies. There are, in addition, the many unmarried mothers who can solve their own problems.

A girl usually finds her way to the Council about three months after she has become pregnant. She is at once put in touch with a welfare worker in her neighbourhood who finds her a job if she cannot continue where she is, and arranges a home for her. The girl is encouraged to carry on as normally as possible, both to bolster her morale and to keep up her National Insurance benefits. One important task is to establish contact with the father, so that he will pay for the child's upkeep. Many men will dodge such responsibility if they can.

Girl Who Followed Her Lover

Some months ago, while Isabelle Granger, the Council's general secretary, was on holiday, one such father managed to wriggle out of his obligations. He had had an affair with a pretty, seventeen-year-old girl in Germany and returned to England leaving her pregnant. Getting a domestic job here, she followed after him, with her parents' blessing, since they, unaware of her condition, thought she was going to be married. When she arrived, she found her lover firmly ensconced with a wife and children. He had no intention of leaving his comfortable home or of becoming involved in a scandal. Left to carry on alone, the German girl found her way to 21 Coram Street, Bloomsbury. The N.C.U.M.C. saw her through.

At this point, Miss Granger returned from her holiday to find that the girl was being deported to Germany. She suspected trickery on the part of the father, but the deportation order had already been signed. Miss Granger at once telephoned a woman doctor in Germany, begging her to visit the girl's family and prepare them for her arrival. These conventional, small-town Germans would go to pieces, she explained, if their child returned unexpectedly with her baby for all the neighbours to see. They must have twenty-four hours' notice to prepare to receive her, provide for the baby or, if this was too much, to arrange for the girl to be met and taken to stay with friends.

A recent Council conference discussed the teenage mother problem. These very young girls who become unmarried mothers present an even more complicated problem than the older girls. Theirs is a separate story, although many of the case histories of teenagers show that, as with more adult women, an unhappy home life or a love-starved childhood in an institution was to blame for their predicament. Often the girls who are sent to homes like that run by Miss Lockhart say that their time there is the nearest thing to a real home they have ever known.

The courageous spirit and determination to face the future which Miss Lockhart imbues are illustrated by one story of two trained nurses who, after their babies were born, applied for work as district nurses. They were delighted when news came that they were to be given work in a small village and would later be given districts of their own. Miss Lockhart wrote to one of them not long ago and asked whether she should address letters in future to Mrs. X, presuming that, with a baby, it would not be easy to face village gossip if a letter arrived addressed to Miss X.

Back came the reply by return. "I want to be addressed as Miss," the nurse wrote. "The village can gossip, but I'll face it. There's no sense starting off with pretence." Miss Lockhart was very happy that day.

THE END

HOLD-UP

by CHARLES IRVING

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

An armed train hold-up in Britain! The idea seemed fantastic.
To the passengers on the boat train, it was real enough now



Driver Burton sprang at him. The man went down. But the other men were still on the train

NORTH OF THE JUNCTION at Tebay, the main line from London to Carlisle and Scotland crosses the River Lune and runs up a short tributary valley before beginning the long climb to Shap Summit. On a dark night in early spring, with a spatter of rain, the Stranraer boat train was making good time. Driver Burton, a north countryman, and Fireman Cleggs, with a 5P Mixed Traffic locomotive—the "maid of all work" on this line—had taken over at Crewe; and they had had a very good run so far.

It was a Sunday night, and there were few service slacks. They had left behind the irritating restrictions for mining subsidences in the Wigan area, and had made excellent time through Preston and Lancaster. With the hills ahead, Fireman Cleggs, spreading his coal craftily, had kept his steam pressure well up to the mark, and they had romped up past Lowgill to Tebay. Driver Burton felt he had his train well in hand, and once over Shap with a clear road could probably reach Carlisle ahead of time. The only trouble might be a goods train sticking on the "bank" ahead; the rails were slippery, and even the best of goods engines was apt to find Shap a bit of a trial with a heavy load.

Driver Burton peered ahead through the rain as Tebay was reached and passed, and closed the regulator a trifle for the short downhill stretch. Fireman Cleggs glanced at the pressure gauge, passed a grimy hand over his forehead, and threw open the fire-doors; he wanted all the pressure he could get for the Shap gradient. The red glare beat upwards into the night. To a layman the footplate would have seemed an inferno of noise and vibration, heat from the furnace and a bitter cold wind from the fells outside. Driver Burton and Fireman Cleggs were used to it, quite unconcerned—but never careless. They knew, subconsciously, that they were in charge of a powerful piece of machinery that had to be bullied and nursed, pushed and controlled, over what is still one of the most difficult railway summits in Britain.

Suddenly, Driver Burton stiffened slightly, and swore. Ahead, above the track on the left, he had seen two red pin-points of light, one above the other. They should have been green. His hand reacted automatically; throughout the train the brakes came on; one or two restless passengers in the sleepers woke up and looked at their watches; and the guard, making a late brew of tea, cursed as it slopped over out of the tin mug.

Driver Burton brought his train to a stand-still just beneath the signal. With both "home" and "distant" against him, there was nothing else he could do. Growling an order to his fireman about keeping the pressure up, he wiped his hands on a piece of waste and leaned out over the side of the cab.

THE two men who, as the train approached, were waiting in the darkness just beyond the signal, were both nervous, and showed it in different ways. The leader of the enterprise, a thin dark-haired man who looked younger than his age, was silent except for an occasional grunt. His companion, thick-set, snub-nosed and square-jawed, kept beginning speculative whispered sentences, and never finishing them.

They had planned this thing in London, almost a month ago, those two and the eight others who were now on the train waiting to play their parts. The ancient arts of breaking and entering, of robbery with or without violence, had taught Alley, the leader, some more than rudimentary notions of strategy. It was he who had reasoned that travellers to Ireland, especially those in first-class sleepers, generally take a certain amount of money with them. It was he who had calculated that, assuming the boat train carried a hundred or more passengers, the total haul, in notes and

Continued on page 30

All set for the fairy take-off

by MARJORIE EARL

Arthur Kirby is the man who gives wings to the theatre's elves and witches. His gadgets are the secret of the graceful flight across the stage or the daring somersault in the air



Kirby tests wires before the panto fairy starts rehearsal. "It gives them more confidence," he says



How a dancer learns to fly and act at the same time. Ideal weight for a fairy is eight stone

ARTHUR KIRBY IS A JAUNTY little Londoner with thinning, sandy hair and sharp blue eyes, who makes a living teaching ordinary mortals to fly. Director of Eugene's Flying Ballet, Limited, for most of his sixty-seven years he has been living in a mechanical fairyland thinking up devices to give wings to the fairies and witches of the stage.

For over half a century the business of flying fairies in Britain has been a Kirby family monopoly. Arthur and his cousin, Joseph, who is proprietor of Kirby's Aerial Ballet, Limited, divide the flying trade between them. Without one or the other the spirits of pantomime would be earthbound, the Valkyrie would not fly, at Covent Garden and the cinema and stage would be minus some of their more spectacular effects.

The terrestrial fairy of Kirbyland is airborne by means of a special leather corset, much like a parachute harness, called a saddle. Attached at the hips is an almost invisible steel wire which has a breaking strain of many hundredweights. The wire is fastened to a steel cable running over an aluminium block and is controlled by a stage hand stationed at a designated spot and pulling on ropes joined to the cable. Much of the fairy's grace depends on the stage hand who is pulling her aloft and guiding her flight.

"It takes a lifetime of training to get the proper knack of flying the girls across the stage," Arthur Kirby says. "The men have to gauge the weight of a girl to the ounce to learn to fly her gracefully." The hardest part, he explains, is the landing. "You have to touch down on one foot and start running, like getting off a slow-moving bus. You could break an ankle, you know, if the flight were swift and the landing hard." This, he adds quickly, has never happened to any of his fairies, though it almost happened once when he was in flight himself.

Let-down For The Stunt Man

As a young man, Arthur was hired to double for Tom Walls in a film called *Tons of Money*. In one sequence there was an explosion which blew the film character into the air. On the way down he caught the branch of a tree to save himself, but Kirby, who was doing the stunt, was to be protected throughout with his own flying equipment. "The man flying me thought his part was finished when I'd got that branch," Arthur recalls. "He let go of the rope, the branch broke and I fell. For my work that afternoon I got £3 and two sprained ankles."

The best size of fairy, for easy handling, stands between five feet two and five feet four and weighs about eight stone. The saddle wires, however, will carry a much heavier load. When Arthur operated the flights for the melodrama *Springheeled Jack*, with Tod Slaughter, at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, one wire carried nearly

three times its normal weight. In the drama, Springheeled Jack flies down from the wings, clasps a girl in his arms and flies off with her. Of course, one wire is attached to Jack and another to the girl he is abducting. On a Monday, the show was being televised and—just before Jack was due to swoop—the pin holding the wire on the girl's saddle came out. Slaughter noticed it but, since the show was on the air, he braced himself, flew down, swept the girl into his arms and carried her off without her wire.

In the theatre it is generally supposed that the Kirby family originated dramatic flying. "When I hear it said that the Kirbys started flying ballet in England, I have to deny it," Arthur says. "Actually it was started by a Frenchman in 1796." The pioneer was a M. Didelot, who used a complicated system of tackles and wires to fly devils bearing lighted torches from the depths of the stage out over the spectators in the stalls, a stunt disallowed today by fire regulations.

The original flying Kirby was George, Arthur's uncle. In 1898 he saw the German Grigolati troupe, who were packing the customers in at Drury Lane with a fanciful flying act. He was impressed with the Germans' ingenuity, but he found the machinery so unwieldy that it took four men to lift two girls. He thought up modifications and improvements, and established himself as head of Britain's first firm of theatrical flight promoters.

Equipment That Is Foolproof

Arthur Kirby, who lives in Croydon Road, Beddington, Surrey, got launched in the dramatic flying field at the age of fourteen when he went to work in his uncle's firm. He does not know exactly when he learned to fly. "It seems as though I have always known how," he says. Interested in the mechanics of stage flying, he does know that he has spent the best part of his life inventing new and safer ways to put ballet in the air. Now he claims to have equipment which is foolproof. "I couldn't sleep at night if I thought my machinery was dangerous," he says. "I've never had a serious accident yet."

Arthur's inventions eventually split the British stage flying business in two. When George Kirby died, his original firm was taken over by his son, Joseph. Arthur continued in his cousin's employ until 1929, when he had some of his ideas patented and went into business for himself. "There's plenty of room for the two of us," Arthur says.

Arthur claims to be the first man to fly a fairy into a somersault. It took him years to think this one out. The idea began prodding his mind long before he had the courage to put it into practice. After years of research he tried it out one day at Stratford with a special fitting he had developed to attach to the harness. The girl could somersault, but there was a danger



Kirby gives tips on landing: "You touch down on one foot and run, like getting off a moving bus"

of the wire breaking because the fitting was not universal. The invention was scrapped. After this attempt he had a succession of brainwaves, but none of them worked. Finally he got it.

"One night I went to bed and suddenly it came to me just like picking up a cup of tea," he says. "Early in the morning I went straight to the workshop and made a pattern. Then I sent it to the foundry for rough castings so that we could test it. It worked at last."

A flying ballet dancer first went into a somersault at the Grand Theatre in Leeds in 1931, creating a sensation. The original equipment, with slight modifications, has been in use ever since. Somersaults, Kirby says, are always made backwards. "We can do front somersaults, but it's more dangerous and less graceful."

He never asks the flying fairies or ballet dancers to do anything he would not do himself. In every theatre where he has a contract, he rigs up the wires, thinks out the aerobatics and sends the fairies on their first solos. Wires are thoroughly tested and each piece of equipment is checked after every performance. When he starts training a ballet dancer, Arthur always flies out first. "It inspires confidence," he says.

"Front flying" is part of the technical language of aerial ballet, as is "stage flying," "an arch," "a greet," "a herringbone" and a "four-way." Front flying means flying out over the audience; an arch is a simple flight from one point on the stage to another; a greet is two simultaneous flights, either meeting or starting at the same point; a herringbone is three flights which cross each other; and a four-way is a still more complicated pattern.

Once, in Manchester, when trying out the front-flying equipment, he had to rely on an inexperienced man handling the ropes. Kirby told

him exactly what to do. The outward-bound flight was successful, but when Arthur was coming back the stagehand got his rope fouled and looked up to see what had happened. "He forgot all about me on the wire," Arthur says. "As soon as he looked up, the rope released itself. I crashed into the orchestra. I was just getting over an attack of lumbago, too."

It takes about a week to train a fairy to fly properly, and the burden of instruction is a firm injunction to every performer to watch marks and timing. "Never mind trying to sell yourselves to the audience," Kirby tells them sternly. "Just watch your marks."

The flights of an aerial ballet are first precisely plotted on paper, then carefully diagrammed on the stage. Each performer must start on a designated spot and end on another; otherwise there may be head-on collisions. The planning becomes even more complicated when the ballet is performed on an unlighted stage with costumes treated with luminous paint and lighted by ultra-violet lamps. Then the floor marks have to be made with luminous paint so they are still visible when the lights are up.

Kirby remembers one occasion when a black-out ballet turned into a disaster. He was putting on a show with Bertram Montague at the New Theatre in Oxford. On the night of the show somebody forgot to mark the stage in luminous paint. "I arrived just as they were starting the ballet," Kirby recalls. "Before you knew it, everything was fouled up and everybody was crashing into everybody else."

The principal hazard of aerial ballet is finding clearance for flights. In a normal pantomime, there are often as many as forty or fifty pieces of hanging scenery. "You can fly in any small

space if there's enough clearance above, but there usually isn't," Kirby says. "You have to make sure, for instance, that in a woodland scene ballet the trees don't move with the dancers."

One of the most exacting processes of setting the stage for a flying ballet is satisfying the borough council inspectors that the safety precautions are adequate. More often than not, these diligent public servants are assured that everything is safely under control, but once Kirby had to walk out on a show because he could not convince them.

The borough engineer insisted on this occasion that when the girls had reached the front row of the stalls in their flight into the auditorium—a distance of about seven feet from the stage—they should be eight feet in the air. This, Kirby explains, was a terribly quick flight—practically a leap. The man on the ropes was new to the job and had not mastered the technique of lifting the ballet dancers into the air so quickly. When the engineers called to see a rehearsal, they were not satisfied. "Believe it or not," says Kirby, "they were allowing for a seven-foot man in the stalls, who might just happen to stand up at the moment of flight and put his hand in the air, thus causing an accident. I believe in safety, but not that much. I just walked out."

Peter Pan Nearly Crashed

Among the famous people Arthur Kirby has "flown" are Jean Forbes-Robertson, Edna Best, Gladys Cooper, Georgette Cohen, Lupino Lane, Jimmy Nervo, Moira Shearer, David Niven and Robert Newton. Although his firm does not touch *Peter Pan*, in his younger days Arthur was responsible for most flights in this show.

Once, when he was flying Jean Forbes-Robertson, the most famous of all Peter Pans, his leg got tangled up in the rope and he nearly ruined the show. The accident occurred at the moment when Peter Pan was flying out of the window. Arthur had taken Miss Robertson up and she was about to come down when his leg got caught in the rope and he was pulled off his feet. "That was quite a situation," he recalls. "Jean Forbes-Robertson was in the air on the stage and I was in the air in the wings, and upside down, too. I managed to land her all right but, if I'd fouled her up, Peter, John, Michael and Wendy would have all crashed in the middle of the stage."

Probably the most trying flight Arthur ever supervised, however, was one made by Moira Shearer in *The Red Shoes*. In the suicide scene at the film's conclusion, when she jumps from a balcony to her death on a railway embankment below, she wears flying equipment which he designed specially for her. Since her costume in this sequence was a flimsy ballet dress, she could not wear the rather heavy harness ordinarily worn by pantomime fairies. A special light saddle was made for her with two wires attached to the hips. "This scene was hard to shoot," Kirby says. "We had to synchronize the movement of the camera both to the incidental effects and to Moira's flight over a distance of about 100 feet. It took three hours to shoot the scene—and days of rehearsal before that."

Scene On A Parapet

In the film *A Matter of Life and Death*, Arthur taught David Niven to fly for a scene on a gigantic escalator supposedly ascending from earth to heaven. In *Oliver Twist*, Robert Newton and John Howard-Davies were protected by Arthur's equipment when they were climbing round the parapet of a building forty feet above ground during a rainstorm. "We do quite a few special effects and stunts for the films," he says.

He does not think flying ballet has yet been developed to its full potentiality. There is more to it, he claims, than at present meets the eye on the brilliant stages of the theatre during the Christmas season.

"I've got lots of ideas," he says. "I'm working on them all the time." THE END

YANGTSE INCIDENT (4) *The story of H.M.S.*



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN WORSLEY

Fearnley swore as the shells closed in on the Sunderland. Pointing the revolver at the hysterical coolies, he ordered them to row to *Amethyst*

ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY miles from where *Amethyst* ran into trouble Michael Edward Fearnley, a young doctor serving the last few months of his National Service in the Royal Air Force, went to his room in the Kai Tak officers' mess at Hong-kong. It was late in the afternoon of April 20. Fearnley was of above average height. He had an easygoing temperament, unruly light brown hair and a pleasant face that managed to seem older than his years. As soon as he stepped into his room he switched on the radio. He caught the tail end of a newsflash. "... the frigate was fired on at half-past nine this morning by Chinese Communist batteries hidden on the north bank of the Yangtse. . . ." That was the first Flight Lieutenant Fearnley heard of *Amethyst* and her plight and, at that time, he was only casually interested.

Shortly before eleven that night he was told by the officer commanding the Kai Tak station, a Group Captain Jefferson, that an aircraft would be sent to Nanking next day with medical supplies. "The supplies," Jefferson added, "will be delivered overland from there. If the plan is carried through, you'll be going along." Soon after that Fearnley went to bed, but at three in the morning a brother officer woke him up to tell him the flight was off. He fell into a deep, relieved sleep. At six he was shaken once again. "A Sunderland is leaving for *Amethyst* in half an hour," he was told. "You're going with it. Why aren't you ready?"

Confused over the change in plans and still

Doc Fearnley flies in under fire

Amethyst, badly hit by the Communist guns, lay trapped on the Yangtse. With medical supplies running out, the plight of the wounded was grave. . . . Continuing the serial of an epic new book

dopey with sleep, Fearnley had a quick breakfast. Then he waited. There was some delay in the take-off. Jefferson came around to chat.

"The *Amethyst's* M.O. has been killed," he said. "The idea now is for us to take the medical supplies and land in the river near the ship and transfer the supplies to her. Maybe you will go with the supplies. Maybe you won't. I'm going along for the ride." It was not then known in Hongkong how many men were still aboard the ship, how many had evacuated to the south bank of the river held by the Nationalists.

The Sunderland took off at half-past seven. In addition to the crew, Jefferson, Fearnley and a Navy doctor, two experienced Army parachute

droppers were taken along to release supplies over the trapped ship in case a landing proved impossible. It was now known that H.M.S. *London* was on her way up river to attempt a rescue.

After about five hours' flying the Sunderland came to the Yangtse. From five thousand feet it looked like a huge, sinuous snake with shining, sun-lit scales. Fearnley, looking down, found it impossible to tell which way the river flowed. He saw tiny ships on the water and wondered if one of them was *Amethyst*.

Flight Lieutenant Ken Letford, the Sunderland's skipper, made his way back to the passenger compartment. "We've contacted *London*," he said. His face was long and unhappy. "She's

Amethyst by Lawrence Earl

flashed us to proceed to Shanghai and not attempt a landing. She's come under very heavy fire and considers we haven't a chance."

The Sunderland detoured to Shanghai. The river there was teeming with junks but, miraculously, a space had been cleared for their landing. They touched down at about one o'clock in the afternoon. While the flying-boat refuelled at the B.O.A.C. base, Fearnley had lunch at the Palace Hotel, a swank, Western-style building. When he returned to the aircraft Letford appeared worried. "We've just had a message from *Amethyst*," he told Fearnley. "They urgently need morphia." Letford and Jefferson anxiously conferred with Navy officers over a chart of the Yangtse. On it they found a creek that seemed to be out of range of the Communist battery near *Amethyst*. "You could probably find enough water to make a landing in the creek," one of the Navy officers said doubtfully. "Then you could unload your medical supplies and take them overland to the ship."

Jefferson and Letford exchanged a glance and then a quick nod. "We'll have to take off pretty soon," Letford said. "We'll want all the daylight we can get." Shanghai was half an hour's flying time from Rose Island, on the Yangtse, where *Amethyst* lay trapped.

The aircraft took off again at half-past four. During the flight Fearnley and the Navy M.O. hurriedly smashed open the cases of medical supplies. From them they extracted what they thought they would need: morphia, blood transfusion sets, bottles of plasma and pentothal—an intravenous anaesthetic. They stuffed these supplies into knapsacks and into their pockets.

Couldn't Believe They Would Shoot

When Fearnley returned to the passenger compartment he saw that they were flying over a creek. They followed it for a few moments, flying very low, and suddenly burst out into the wide, main river. The flying-boat circled and, beneath him, Fearnley for the first time saw *Amethyst*. She was lying close to the south bank. Men waved eagerly at the aircraft from her deck.

One of the Sunderland's crew popped his head out of the forward compartment. "We're not going to land in the creek after all," he said, "but alongside the ship." Fearnley nodded in silent agreement. It looked calm and peaceful below them and he could not believe the Communists would really shoot. . . .

Shortly after five that afternoon, Wilkinson, the engineroom officer, was lying on the deck. His head felt thick and heavy and he was weak from the delayed reaction of shock and loss of blood. He heard a distant droning and for a moment thought he had a strange new buzzing in his head. The droning swelled in volume. He got to his feet with an effort and looked up into the sky and, after a while, saw a white flying-boat circling above the ship. *What a lovely sight*, he thought absently. For a moment he did not grasp that the Sunderland was in any way connected with the *Amethyst's* unhappy position. Then some of the ship's company ran up from below decks. They started waving and yelling all around him. Wilkinson's heart began suddenly to pound.

Monaghan, the commissioned gunner, had just left the ship in a sampan with three coolies. The Chinese stopped rowing and looked blankly up at the circling Sunderland, shielding their eyes from the sun with their hands. Then the aircraft came in on a long, descending run, lower and lower, until she touched the surface of the Yangtse and sent up a silvery tail of flying spray. She landed on the port side of *Amethyst*, not more than seventy-five yards away.

"Row over to the aircraft!" Monaghan yelled exultantly to his oarsmen. Then he remembered that they understood no English and pointed

urgently. The coolies rowed to the flying-boat.

The Navy M.O. was still busily packing medical supplies when the Sunderland hit the water. Just as the aircraft slowed to a stop, Fearnley heard the sharp crack of gun-fire. "The Communists have opened fire!" Jefferson exclaimed. Jefferson looked through a port and saw a sampan approaching the aircraft with three Chinese and a naval officer on board.

"You'd better get ready to get into the sampan," Jefferson said tersely. Without pausing to think, Fearnley grabbed a haversack filled with medical supplies. At that moment the door of the flying-boat opened and Monaghan tumbled in. His face was flushed. "They're very accurate," he said, shaking his head. Through the open door Fearnley saw that the Chinese in the sampan, two men and a boy, were preparing to shove off. He jumped out into the sampan.

Going Round In Circles

What happened to Fearnley in the next few moments has since struck him as having all the required ingredients of first-class slapstick. At the time, no such thought occurred to him.

As soon as he landed in the sampan, the Chinese, terrified at the noise of the guns which were now popping off every few seconds, started to row madly away from the Sunderland. They rowed neither in unison nor in the same direction. An air burst exploded almost directly over the Sunderland and the sampan, hysterically manned by its stampeding crew, started going around in tight, frantic circles. Meanwhile, to avoid certain destruction, Letford taxied the Sunderland around and started on a take-off. The Navy doctor and Monaghan and most of the medical supplies were still in the aircraft.

Fearnley was himself badly orientated. He did not know which bank of the river was north and dangerous and which south and safe. All he knew was that he wanted to go to the ship. All the oarsmen knew was that they wanted to go ashore and start running.

"Go to the ship!" Fearnley yelled to the three Chinese. When they made no sign of understanding him, Fearnley stood up in the shallow-draught sampan. It began to rock. The Chinese began to scream. One of them grabbed at Fearnley's trouser legs and tried to pull him down.

Then Fearnley saw the glint of metal on the bottom of the sampan. It was a revolver which Monaghan had dropped when he had stepped into the aircraft. One of the Chinese, following his look, made a grab for it but Fearnley's fingers closed on the weapon first. He waved it towards the ship. The sampan was still going madly around in circles. Shells were landing close.

The Gun Wasn't Loaded

Softly, Fearnley began to swear. He was frightened but he realized that the Chinese were even more frightened. He grabbed a loose oar and tried to straighten out the sampan and head it towards the ship. The Chinese shook their heads and jabbered hysterically and pointed to the south shore and tried, without success, to row towards it. Fearnley jabbed a finger towards the ship. "No! Not that way! This way!"

Then, as the Sunderland took off, the Communist guns followed it into the air. Fearnley, with the revolver still in his hand, persuaded the Chinese to row him to *Amethyst*. He was exhausted. Some time later he broke the revolver open and found that it was not loaded.

Fearnley was greeted by Weston as he boarded *Amethyst*. "Good afternoon," Fearnley said. He was still a little out of breath. "I'm the doctor."

Weston nodded. "Yes, we can use you."

Fearnley let his eyes wander around the ship. Then he realized how serious the situation was. There were shell holes wherever he looked. There were dead piled together. Weston, leaning on a



Michael Fearnley, D.S.C., the R.A.F. doctor flown out to *Amethyst* when her M.O. died



Telegraphist Jack French, D.S.M. He stayed at his key for fifty-six hours without sleep

stick, looked bloodless and ill. Ever since *Amethyst's* captain, Lieutenant-Commander Skinner, had been mortally wounded in the bombardment, Weston, as first lieutenant, had been in command. He, too, had been wounded and the strain was beginning to tell. He asked a sailor to take Fearnley down to the messdeck where the wounded were. He didn't mention the fact that he was wounded himself.

Fearnley looked around the messdeck. By then the Communists had switched their fire from the flying-boat to the ship. The wounded were lying close together. Fearnley saw that there was nothing that could be done to save some of them. Several of the others had extensive shrapnel wounds and needed hospital attention, but conditions on *Amethyst* were like those in a first-aid post. *This is hopeless*, Fearnley thought, despairingly. It was an impossible task, especially for a twenty-five year old who had just completed his medical training.

Meanwhile, because of the Communist fire, Lieutenant Weston ordered *Amethyst's* bow to be moved up into the shallow nearby Hsiao-ho Creek. There she was partly protected from the battery on the north shore.

Only Chance Of Recovery

Just before Fearnley's arrival, Monaghan, the commissioned gunner, had brought a Nationalist Army doctor and his two dressers to the ship. With one of the Chinese stewards acting as interpreter, the doctor said, "I will go ashore and get sampans and take the wounded to hospital." Fearnley agreed that this was the best course of action. It would be the only chance of recovery for some of the more seriously wounded. Many would probably otherwise get gas gangrene.

A couple of hours later the Chinese doctor returned. With him he brought a flotilla of eight sampans. While he was gone Fearnley had given Lieutenant-Commander Skinner blood plasma and, with Stores Petty Officer McCarthy as an aide, had shot morphia and penicillin into the other wounded. He worked feverishly, trying to accomplish as much as possible in the little time he had. He hoped the penicillin would be continued when the men reached hospital.

It was not until after Fearnley had attended all the wounded on the messdeck that Lieutenant Strain came down and said: "The first lieutenant's pretty bad, Doc. So is Berger. Can you come up and see them now?" Lieutenant Berger, the navigating officer, was peppered with shrapnel. There were bits of metal all up and down his legs and he had several jagged wounds in his chest wall. Fearnley shook his head, marvelling, when he was told that Berger had been active all the previous day and had persisted in being carried to the bridge for duty that morning.

Refused To Leave The Ship

Fearnley now saw that Lieutenant Weston had a wound in the right side of his chest. "You've coughed blood?" Fearnley asked.

"Some."

"You must have a bit of shrapnel still in your lung," Fearnley said. "You ought to go ashore to hospital with the others."

"I can't go," Weston said stiffly. "If I do there would be only one executive officer on board. That isn't enough to operate the ship."

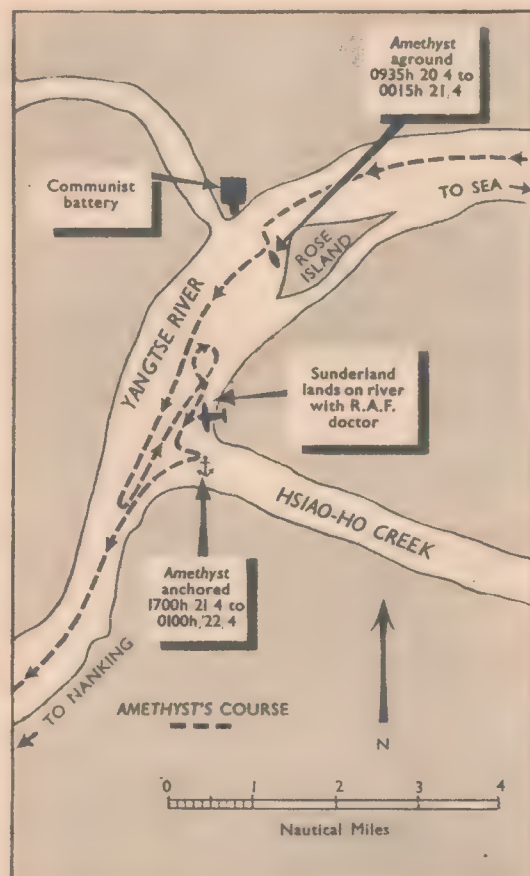
"Come on, Geoff," Wilkinson, the engineer room officer said, "you'd better come with us. You're in no shape to stay." The other officers, Strain, Berger and Lieutenant Hett, the director-control officer, joined in, all trying to persuade him to go. "No," Weston said. This was his first command and he took his responsibilities very seriously. He appealed to Fearnley. "Look, Doc, won't I get better anyway, whether I go or stay?"

"I can't promise that," Fearnley said. "You must have hospital treatment. If you remain you'll be no good to the ship very soon anyway—perhaps by tomorrow. And you have a good chance of dying if you stay." Weston had a

spasm of pain. "Well, I won't go. I'm perfectly capable of commanding the ship."

Wilkinson pulled Fearnley aside. He whispered to the R.A.F. doctor that he should give Weston a hypodermic that would put him to sleep so the others could take him to hospital without his knowledge. Fearnley shook his head regretfully. "Weston is in command," he said. "I can't do that." Wilkinson surrendered. "Oh, well," he said, "it would be quite a battle, even with Geoff wounded, to try and puncture him against his will. Perhaps it's for the best."

Then Wilkinson, Berger and the other wounded, including Skinner, accompanied and



Section of the Yangtse River showing where Michael Fearnley was landed by flying-boat

helped by Able Seaman Raymond Calcott and several others, boarded the last sampans. Fearnley tried one last time to persuade Weston to go to hospital but it was of no use. "Well," he shrugged, "I can't make you go." Weston grinned. "Don't you think your last few minutes of arguing have been slightly academic?" He pointed to the flotilla of sampans. The last one was now several hundred yards up river.

A signal came through from Hongkong ordering *Amethyst* ten miles up river before moonrise, due at one in the morning. This was to take her out of range of the Communist batteries.

Shortly after the sampans had gone, Weston suffered an unusually great spasm of pain. He began to pant again and was unable to talk in a way that could be understood. Fearnley gave him a stiff shot of morphia and he went to sleep, still sitting up, just as the sun set in pink splendour behind the low hills. He awoke at midnight. "I'd better give you some benzedrine now," Fearnley told him, "to keep you awake." Weston yawned. He took the benzedrine. "I'll find out if they've got steam up," he said.

Hett, Strain, Weston and Fearnley were now the only officers on board *Amethyst*. Hett was busy in the chartroom working out the navigation problems for the ten-mile trip up river. Strain, Weston and Fearnley climbed to the bridge. It was pitch dark. As the ship pulled her bow out of the creek they held their breath expecting Communist gunfire at any moment. None came.

The ship moved the ten miles up the Yangtse

without incident. Then she dropped anchor noisily. At once machine guns stuttered at her from the south bank. Nervous Nationalist infantrymen, hearing the clatter of the falling anchor, had mistaken the ship for a Communist vessel attempting a river crossing. Weston ordered the Union Jack on the port side, facing the Nationalists, illuminated. The firing continued. Then he ordered the anchor up and the ship sailed a mile downstream. There was no new firing at this anchorage. Fearnley administered morphia to Weston once again so that he could sleep. Then Fearnley went to sleep in a camp bed down on the messdeck.

All was quiet again. . . .

At about the same time Fearnley was giving benzedrine to Weston, Able Seaman Calcott, guarding the wounded who had been put ashore on the south bank, saw Lieutenant-Commander Kerans, the assistant naval attaché at Nanking, and made himself known. It was shortly after midnight, and some fourteen hours since Kerans had left Nanking with orders to reach *Amethyst*.

"I'm from the Embassy in Nanking," Kerans said. "Come to one side and tell me what's up."

They moved off to one side. "I've got four wounded here, sir," Calcott said, "and twelve others have gone on ahead with Chinese stretcher bearers. One of those who has gone ahead is the captain, Lieutenant-Commander Skinner."

"Where is *Amethyst*?" Kerans asked.

"About half a mile from here," said Calcott.

Packard, an American naval doctor who had been sent from Nanking to help Kerans, decided to go back to Tachung with the four wounded, but Kerans's orders were still to board *Amethyst*. He arranged for coolies to take him out to her in a sampan. From the shore he could just make out the frigate's silhouette in the darkness. The coolies pushed their flat sampan out into the creek and, as they did so, Kerans saw to his horror that the *Amethyst* was moving. The ship had departed up river. "Damn!" Kerans muttered. "Damn!"

Amethyst's Captain Dies

The sampan took him back to shore. Then, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Dewar-Durie, the Nanking Embassy's assistant military attaché who had been sent to help him on his mission, Kerans hiked overland in the trail of the wounded. At a quarter to four that morning he reached Tachung, where he learnt that Lieutenant-Commander Skinner and Winter, one of the wounded men, had died. The lorries he had left behind earlier were still there. It was dark and very cold and Kerans felt utterly exhausted. There was no rest in sight.

Kerans ordered the dead and wounded loaded into the lorries. The wounded groaned and complained dully of the cold. They had only two blankets among them. Kerans ordered the lorries packed with straw to make the wounded more comfortable. Then he went on ahead in the jeep to arrange for their reception in Chingkiang.

Just before he left Tachung, Packard had drawn Kerans aside. "You had better get these men down to Shanghai at once," Packard said. "They need the best of attention. I wouldn't advise leaving them in Chingkiang." With this advice in mind, immediately on his arrival in Chingkiang Kerans asked the Chinese Naval Duty Officer to supply an extra coach for the Shanghai train exclusively for the use of his wounded. The staff officer hemmed and hawed. Then he said, "Sorry. It can't be done. The Ministry of Communications hasn't authorized it."

Kerans purpled. Then, suddenly, he remembered his letter of authority from Admiral Kwei, the Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Nationalist Navy. He produced it triumphantly. "That's different," the staff officer said. He got on to the phone and barked orders and very soon the railway coach was at Kerans's disposal.

The lorry carrying the wounded had arrived by then, but the one with the bodies of Skinner

Continued on page 29

The Boss returns to soccer

by ERIC BENNETT

In a city where football is
a religion, some say that
William Struth is a god

THE BOSS IS BACK at his desk. In a room panelled with rich mahogany, above which the walls are royal blue, set in a red brick palace that is the monument to his achievements, William Struth, manager of Glasgow Rangers Football Club, is once more at work on the task of maintaining his team as Scottish champions and cup-holders, and his club as one of the richest and most famous in the world. At the age of seventy-four, Willie Struth has returned to work after an illness and an operation which would have broken the spirit and careers of lesser and younger men.

When Tommy Muirhead, the famous old Rangers player, saw him on his return from hospital, Willie Struth showed him the stump of his amputated leg and said ruefully: "That's what they have done to me, Tommy."

"Aye," answered Muirhead gravely. "And I mind the time when you would have kidded us into going out and playing like that."

"So I would," chuckled Struth. "And ye always came back."

A Legend In His Lifetime

In Scotland, and particularly in Glasgow, William Struth has become a legend in his own lifetime. Since he became manager thirty years ago, Rangers have won the Scottish League Championship (including wartime substitute leagues) twenty-five times. During the same period they have won the Scottish Cup nine times, the Glasgow Cup eighteen times and the Glasgow Charity Cup nineteen times. Last season they retained the championship for the second year in succession and took the Cup for the third year running.

The remarkable thing about the man behind this crop of football records is that he was never a professional footballer. Except in a few games he played as a boy, Struth has hardly ever kicked a football.

Young William Struth, of Edinburgh, was apprenticed as a stonemason. When he was working at Milnathort, in Kinross-shire, he was always ready to take on odd jobs. "I was glad to get a tanner for a couple of hours' digging," he once told me. Masonry was his trade, but it was not to be his living. He became a professional runner, or, in the language of the trade, a pedestrian.

Being a "ped" was tough work in those days. You had to be fit, and you had to be smart. You had to know the tricks of the trade, and keep your form as close a secret as that of a Derby favourite. And, as Willie Struth says: "If we didn't win, we didn't eat." Struth

tackled every distance between the hundred yards and the half-mile. He reckons that the half was his best distance.

Well he might. In the records of the Powderhall Christmas Half-mile Handicap it is written that W. Struth (Edinburgh) ran third in 1899 off the fifty-five yard mark. In 1900 he was third from fifty yards. In 1901 his handicap was down to forty yards, and he was third again. That is fine, consistent running.

Struth used to train on the local football ground. He had his own ideas about training, and they differed from those of the footballers. He thought sometimes that he could teach the footballers a thing or two. Meanwhile, he kept himself fit by a system of rigid self-discipline.

In 1908 there came a chance for Struth to show the ball players what he meant about training. Clyde Football Club advertised for a trainer, and he applied for the job. "I only did it for a joke," he says. "I was flabbergasted when I received a letter telling me that I had got the job."

So the professional runner went to Glasgow as a football trainer, and applied to the team the

discipline he had used on himself. Within the next few seasons Clyde appeared twice in the Scottish Cup Final. William Struth's reputation grew. In 1914 Rangers offered him the post of trainer. He has been with the club ever since.

Players found the new trainer a stickler for discipline. But, as Struth himself says: "I have never asked one of them to do anything I could not do myself."

Old Rangers players endorse that. Struth set the example, and it was strict, clean and clear-cut. Everyone had to be spick and span, on and off the pitch. There was no swearing and no smoking in the dressing-room. On one occasion Struth told the chairman of the club to take his cigar outside on the day of the match.

He had two secrets of success as a trainer. One was that he studied every player and tuned him up as an individual. Getting fit under Bill Struth was no routine matter of jog-trots and mass exercises. Each footballer was groomed and trained like a racehorse—or a professional runner.

The other was the personal magnetism by which he inspired every player to give of his best. When a man was off-colour, Struth did not want



The Ruler of Ibrox Stadium: Willie Struth at work in the building which is his monument



Bobby Locke, the golfer, points to some Rangers' trophies, as Struth runs over the past triumphs

him dropped. He knew the importance of keeping his team together. Instead, he would persuade the player to put up such a display on the pitch that he set the pace for his colleagues.

Says Tommy Muirhead: "What I said when I kidded him about his leg is pretty nearly true. Bill Struth could talk you into playing well with a broken ankle. He still can. He's terrific."

In that wartime period as the Rangers' trainer Struth was also learning. He volunteered to act as masseur at Bellahouston Hospital. While he was using his skill for disabled men, he was also learning plenty more from the orthopaedic surgeons and the doctors. Years later he was known to perform an emergency dressing-room operation on a footballer's soft corn with a sterilized penknife. And whenever one of his players had to undergo a cartilage operation or other surgical treatment Struth insisted on being present in the theatre.

Put The Players First

In 1920 Struth was made manager of Rangers. Next season the Rangers showed the stamp of their new boss by winning the League championship with only one defeat in forty-two matches, and a points total of seventy-six out of a possible eighty-four.

"The Boss" was the title the players gave him, and it is his title today. Over his footballers his reign has been absolute. His policy has been players first. One old Rangers star says of him: "Bill can never do enough for his footballers. If we are playing away he sees that the players have their lunch before the directors, and the team has to have the pick of the bedrooms in the hotel before anyone else has a look in."

Footballers at Ibrox Park, the Rangers' headquarters, do not, as in so many clubs, make applications to the directors. They go to the manager, and he handles things for them. And yet, through all the years in which players have sweated out their souls for him on the field, have admired and worked for him in the dressing-rooms, have obeyed without question his commands as trainer or manager, very few of them have got to know Struth intimately.

Always there has been an air of aloofness about

The Boss. Newspapermen, to whose censure or praise he has always been equally indifferent, have called him a tsar and a martinet. Sports editors have told me that he is unco-operative and un-interviewable, that in a city where football is a religion William Struth is a god.

In fact, behind the godlike reputation is a quietly spoken, kindly man, with a level-headed sense of values and a pleasant sense of humour. The aloofness of The Boss is partly the instinctive protection of a naturally modest man who prefers a quiet life to the spotlight. An intimate friend told me: "In his position, and with his reputation, Bill Struth could go anywhere and do anything he pleased in Glasgow. But he prefers a quiet evening at home with a few friends." Home is a second-storey flat whose windows overlook Ibrox Stadium some three hundred yards away. The second element in his isolation is the caution he learned as a professional runner. One international footballer who served for fourteen years under Bill Struth did not have a clue to his manager's character until he left. Then Struth gave him a magnificent testimonial and made this significant remark: "Never trust a man until you know you can trust him."

Never Allowed A Fuss

The caution and the aloofness have been of infinite value to Rangers. Because The Boss was the medium between the players and the directors, there were no rows in the club. When a player had a grievance that could not be overcome, or domestic trouble that interfered with his game, there was a sudden swift transfer. No argument, no dressing-room gossip, no newspaper talk. Struth acted, and the job was done. Similarly, any boardroom disagreements were kept quiet. Struth, the boss, was the medium between the board and the players, and the board and the public.

The Ibrox Stadium, with its gaudy offices and its terraces which have packed in more than 118,000 people for a match, is the memorial that Struth has built to his own brilliance.

"It is all good Welsh brick," he told me, "and it cost £95,000 to build. We couldn't do it today for three times the money." It was then

that Struth the mason came in. He knew what building was, and his expert knowledge was applied to every brick that went into the magnificent structure that makes Ibrox Stadium today. The interior decoration scheme is based on the Rangers' colours of royal blue, and the contrasting schemes are worked out with gold, black and mahogany.

Ibrox Stadium in all its magnificence was completed in 1930. Since then Bill Struth has created another Ibrox nearer to his own heart. He remembered the days when he dug for three-pence an hour. But for many years, behind the football pitch, he has dug for his own amusement. Behind the banking at the west end of the Stadium is a greenhouse, a rose garden and vegetable plot. There, according to season, Bill Struth grows grapes and tomatoes, sweet peas, gladioli, roses and chrysanthemums.

The Flowers Were His Own

Many a footballer who has cracked in a goal twenty yards in front of this secret garden did not know that his boss was a gardener: few who have had a drink in the directors' box after a match have known that the flowers decorating it were grown by Struth behind the terraces.

The most extraordinary fact in this horticultural interlude is that the western end of the ground, where the garden is, is the haunt of Celtic fans, Rangers' traditional football enemy. Yet Bill Struth has never yet lost a flower or a fruit, or had a pane of glass smashed in the greenhouse.

"I think the way our little garden is respected is a great tribute to the football fan," he says.

Throughout his long time as a football manager, Bill Struth has never forgotten his first love. For many years he has organized the slickest-run, and probably the most successful, sports meeting in the country. He has combed the world for athletic stars to run at the Ibrox August sports, and under his banner runners like Wooderson, Lovelock and Nurmi have broken records at Glasgow. The financial success of those sports has paid the summer expenses of his club, but a more remarkable achievement is that the timing and starting standards set by the old ped have, over the years, brought increased efficiency to amateur athletics.

Struth's own financial success is also undoubted. He is one of the few men who have made big money out of football. His salary as manager of Rangers is a closely guarded secret, but it is generally believed to be around the £3,000 a year mark. Add to that the bonuses he has won for his triumphs, his shares in the club, and there is a tidy and well-deserved income.

But money means little compared with the fact that, for thirty years, Bill Struth has been Rangers. The club handbook, with a nice sense of proportion, lists the peer and baronet who are honorary presidents and the directors in small capitals, and then comes the important announcement:

Manager—WM. STRUTH, J.P.

That is proper. But the boss, when I saw him the other day, was neither aloof nor grandiose. With a charming smile he swung round in his managerial chair and pointed to his crutches. "We've had many a joke with an injured player, offering to knock them away," he said. "It's different when you really have to use them yourself."

There was no self-pity in the bantering tone. William Struth still has work to do. I remembered the words with which he has always sent his champion players into battle: "I wish I were coming out there with you, boys."

His spirit with them on the pitch is still worth more than an extra man. And when the team is beaten there are no rebukes from the manager.

"Och," he snorts, "we have got over worse than this."

Willie Struth does not need his own kindly consolation. He has never been beaten. He is The Boss.

THE END



One by one the children's old favourites are coming back. Sugar cigarettes are sold by the ton

Factory with a sweet tooth

by EDWARD HOGARTH

Aniseed Balls, Liquorice Bootlaces, Peppermint Rock and Gob Stoppers—they all come tumbling off the exotic production line

WHenever we get a spare moment between jobs we fill cigarettes," says Ethel, dabbing handfuls of little white sugar sticks on to a pad of carmine. "They're only a sideline but we export them by the ton," remarks her friend Mary, slipping a photograph of "S. Bartram, Charlton Athletic," into a packet of eight.

At the North London sweet factory where Ethel works, everyone has a go sooner or later at dropping red-tipped cigarettes into "real" packets. In all departments among the piles of Crystal Mints, the mounds of Allsorts, the seven-pound jars of Piccadilly Mixtures, you see towering heaps of chalk-white cigarettes.

Mary's usual task is labelling cartons of Love Hearts, flat polished lozenges made of icing sugar and gelatine, each with a coy inscription—*Sweetheart Be Mine . . . Marry Me Soon . . . For Life . . . I Like Your Cheek*; and, in the

modern idiom, *I'll Have To Ask Me Dad*. Most of the sweets made here appeal to children. Grown-ups may occasionally spend their personal points on Sugared Almonds but it is the youngsters who buy the strongly-flavoured Aniseed Balls, the Liquorice Bootlaces, the brightly coloured Raspberry Drops. It is the children who lick the writing off Love Hearts and pencil in their own messages—when teacher isn't looking.

Stirring a bubbling confection of granulated sugar and glucose in a copper pan, Frank Toll, one of the chief sugar boilers, says: "Most of our sweets are made from sugar and glucose syrup. You can't boil sugar and water to a high temperature. You'd end up with a useless granular lump. You have to stop the crystallization by adding a weak acid." Cream of tartar will do the trick. So will vinegar.

One of Frank's assistants has just spread a

panful of Almond Rock toffee over an oiled slab. Frank prods it with a pointed knife. Solid with nuts, sixty pounds in weight, it will sell for about £8. "We take Almond Rock up to 310 degrees Fahrenheit and boil it for twenty minutes," he says. "The higher the temperature, the harder the toffee."

He moves slowly along a row of vacuum cookers and glances at the pressure gauges. "If you boil sugar and glucose at 315 degrees you get a 'hard boiling' that can be pressed into Acid Tablets, Bulls Eyes and Barley Sugars. Boil it to 250, beat air into it, add gelatine, egg albumen and cashew nuts and you get Nougat. That's a 'soft boiling.' Add condensed milk and fat and you get Caramels. Stiffen up the syrup with gum arabic, pectin or gelatine and you get Clear Gums and Pastilles."

Purveyor To A Film

Sometimes he has an unusual order. He has to make thin sheets of sugar "glass" for fake accidents in film studios. Once he made a greenhouse in non-shattering colourless toffee and an actor fell through it unscathed. When John Mills made the film *The History of Mr. Polly*, Frank boiled up a selection of old-fashioned lines for the sweet shop sequence and he unearthed some original wooden Barratt boxes to pack them in—for this Wood Green firm has been going since 1848.

He sends each "boiling" up in the lift in a big copper pan and two men grasp the four handles and turn the hot toffee on to a gas-heated steel-topped bench, where it subsides at once into a flat transparent mass. Working quickly, before a skin has time to form, they sprinkle tartaric acid in the centre and splash in a pool of green colouring and lime flavouring. They fold sides to middle; then they lift the great lump on to a revolving turntable to be kneaded and pounded to a uniform consistency. They both wear industrial gloves for protection against burns as well as for cleanliness. Next, they heave it across to the batch roller which turns and reverses, turns and reverses, until the unmanageable mass is a tapering cone, small enough to be fed into the stamping-out machine.

"We use compressed cardboard for the lollipop sticks," says dark-haired Maggie, catching the lollies in a sieve. "It wouldn't do for a child to get wood splinters in his mouth." When the lollies emerge, they are joined at the sides, broad at the base and narrow at the tip—the right shape for sucking.

No two brothers could be less alike than Frank and Jerry Toll. Frank is quiet-voiced and calm. Jerry—the rock-maker—is volatile, lively, with an eager, excited manner. He dashes from bench to bench, leaping like a ballet dancer, never slackening speed. He allows himself three quarters of an hour to produce the finished sticks of rock, timed from the minute the boiled sugar leaves the vacuum cooker. "We're unlucky this morning," he says ruefully. "We've got to make four boils of 'Cheltenham,' two of 'Wiltshire' and one of 'Gloucester.' We have to work faster if the name is a long one."

He is in a white suit and apron, ready for action. He snips off a piece of dark-red toffee about two feet long and nine inches wide, flattens it slightly and sponges it with water to make it tacky. Then he wraps it completely round a two-foot long sausage of white.

He Must Watch The Spelling

"That's letter O," he says, glancing at the two ends. "Like a Swiss roll: the same pattern all the way through." He does the same with a smaller piece of red which does not quite meet round the white. It is letter C in section.

"Where've I got to?" he asks Dolly, the improver, who is busy straightening and extending the letters and arranging them in words. "You owe me an E," she answers. In a flash he places three bars of red and two bars of white upon a red backing piece. "That was a near go," he laughs. "I haven't had a spelling



Making London Rock. The huge mass is stretched into a one-inch rope, then cut into 720 sticks

mistake for more than two years but I mustn't tempt providence."

It is hot work. His face is flushed with exertion, his black hair limp, his spectacles steamed up. His hands move so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow them. When "Cheltenham" and "Rock" are firmly pressed into shape—the three-inch square letters separated by strips of white—he moves the blocks across to the centre bench where his two assistants have prepared the white "pulled" rock middle and the pink outer casing.

"Now we build the letters into an enormous stick of rock two feet in diameter," explains Jerry." He sandwiches the "Rock" block between two rectangles of white toffee, and his two helpmates lift the big white cylinder and pile it on top. It will be the centre core. Over it, Jerry places the slab which reads "Cheltenham."

"Now we roll it all in a large rectangle of white," he says—it takes all three men to do it. "Then we wrap it in its pink overcoat." The hardest part is yet to come. He now has to draw out the bulky mass into a thin stick.

"We have to get a 'neck' to pull on," says "Snowy," one of the assistants, a young man with lint-white hair, slinging a chain round one end of the rock and hauling it up to the ceiling. As the huge lump hangs suspended, its own weight pulls out a slender "neck." Entirely by hand Jerry draws out the neck until it forms a continuous rope one inch in diameter. "No matter how thin you make your sticks, you can still read 'Cheltenham Rock,'" says Jerry. It is Dolly's job to keep the rope moving until it is cool; then she chips it into short lengths. "We get 720 sticks from every boiling," she says.

"We're busiest in spring and summer, filling orders for the seaside trade," says Jerry. "Once we tried 'Happy Christmas' rock and it went down wonderfully."

By this time, brother Frank is busy on Liquorice Allsorts. They are a paste mix. The black liquorice is made from wheatflour, raw

sugar and treacle, flavoured with juice extracted from the root of the liquorice plant. "Funny stuff, liquorice," observes Frank. "It's used to flavour tobacco. You have to boil your mixture for about two hours to bring it down to a thick pulp." For Allsorts, it is run into shallow trays and left to dry in wafer-thin sheets. For Bootlaces and Skipping Ropes, it is extruded through nozzles in the form of hollow tubes. For Elastic, it comes out in a flat ridged strip.

The orange, yellow, tan and white layers of the Allsorts are a cold mix of icing sugar, glucose and gelatine, kneaded in dough mixers borrowed from the bakery trade. "You weigh out six-and-a-half pounds of paste for every sheet," says a girl named Violet, in a white turban. "That's how you keep the layers the same size."

Look Like Doormats

Using a heavy copper rolling pin, she rolls a yellow sheet on the floured bench between two wooden bars. Then she dusts off the surplus flour with a bristle brush. On her forearms she lifts the sheets—they look just like doormats—and piles them up, a layer of liquorice following a layer of sugar paste, the surfaces made tacky with a brush-over of jelly compound. Finally, she slides the whole stack across to the guillotine to be cut into squares.

Another young girl is making coconut rings with black centres. She takes a solid rod of liquorice, coats it thickly with warm pink fondant crème and dips it in a mound of coconut. When dry, she slices it up at half-inch intervals.

Liquorice Comfits are made by a very different method. "You start off with half-inch sticks of liquorice," says Mr. Holding, in the pan room. "You throw them into a revolving drum. You toss in a scoopful of flour and a spot of gum. After spinning and rolling you've got a base on which to work up your sugar covering."

He makes white Comfits in one pan, pink in another, purple in another, flicking in the

colouring matter and leaving the tilting and rotation of the pans to spread it evenly. As the hours pass, the sweets gradually increase in size with each additional coating of sugar as it coagulates on the outsides.

Sometimes he works on Billiard Balls—known to schoolboys as Gob Stoppers—which change colour as you suck them. You take them out of your mouth every few minutes and see what colour you've reached. They, too, are built up layer by layer in sugar. As a variation, he makes oval "Owls Eyes" in multi-coloured layers. Children hold them to the lips, lick the two ends and wear through the surfaces until two round eyes appear with brown and yellow rims.

Studying Children's Tastes

The man who has to make the most detailed study of childish habits is Eddie Butler in the starch room. It is he who creates the moulds for most of the firm's novelties. "You wouldn't think our tough seven-year-olds would go about sucking Baby's Comforters. But they do," he says. "You wouldn't think the daredevil kids of today would buy Safety First Gums, saying 'Keep Left' . . . 'Cross Now.' But they do." He gives them strawberry-flavoured London Bobbies, Toy Soldiers, little Brumas rolled in sugar and the ever-popular Jelly Babies. He gives them Smokers' Pipes, realistically alight. But he is anxious to get back to some of his former Christmas "fancies"—the birds in latticed cages, the angels with gilt wings, the pocket watches with paper faces. And it is a long time now since he used his patterns for sugar pigs.

"Remember the old Dabs and Suckers?" asks Mrs. Thorne, busy turning out Sherbert Fountains. "A butterscotch dab and a liquorice sucker? We use drinking straws instead and sell the Fountains off the ration. They're not half so exciting."

But one by one the old friends are coming back. Frank Toll is once again making Everlasting Strips, sharply flavoured and rainbow-hued. Mrs. Neale is knotting up Skipping Ropes; Mrs. Annie Pitt in the loz room is stamping out Noah's Ark Cachous as sweet and scented as ever. Mrs. Gould is turning out Penny Monster nougat bars. Jerry Toll is making peppermint rock that says "Wiltshire" from end to end.

And, no matter where you go, in all departments you find somebody hard at it, dropping little white sugar cigarettes into real-looking packets.

THE END



Sweet factory turns to a sideline: boxes of crackers are prepared for the Christmas rush

LORD OF THE ISLAND

by *HUGH B. CAVE*

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD FORSTER

The engine gave him power—more power than anyone on the island. But it was still not enough to win a girl like Toti

WHEN Kahohe found the smashed landing craft he did not at first realize its possibilities. He had stopped at Little Te-e to look for cowrie shells. He was not sure that he would find cowries on Little Te-e. No one ever bothered with that barren little lump of island, but he had promised Toti, his sweetheart, some fine fish, and his luck had been terrible. A gift of shells for a necklace would put things right.

His eyes popped when he drove his prau into the purple shadows of the grotto and discovered the boat there. Unafraid, he climbed aboard to explore it. During the Americans' stay, when the calm waters of the lagoon were a seaplane base, he had seen many such boats.

This one was no good any more; its rusty sides were half eaten away. But it contained twenty or more metal barrels, painted black and still intact; under the platform at the stern were some boxes.

From the looks of it, the boat had broken loose in a storm—a long time ago, naturally—and had been blown here. And here it had lain undiscovered because no one had set foot on Little Te-e since. The entrance to the grotto was hidden by trailing vines.

Kahohe broke open the boxes and found parts of aeroplane engines in them. Very nice, but impractical. He could not wear them for ornaments—they were too heavy—and he did not expect ever to own an aeroplane. He turned to the barrels. With a chunk of coral he broke a hole in the top of the rustiest one and put his hand in.

He smelled the wet tips of his fingers and made a face. Petrol! What good was petrol to a young fisherman of Roanonga?

Then he remembered.

When he reached the main island, he went straight up through the village to the house of No Toes Rooea, at the far side of the taro field on the muddy bank of the river. No Toes was making a breechclout of coconut hair.

Kahohe sat and talked—about fishing, how

Continued on page 35



"I am going to be an important man," he said. Toti said softly: "I do not care about that"

FOR THE RECORD - PART TWO OF A JOHN BULL SPECIAL

From Glasgow, the smallpox epidemic had spread to Hamilton. Now it was out of control. Doctors were told: Never mind the second wave of cases; stop the third. The dramatic order was given . . .

Vaccinate the whole town!

by DON EVERITT

PUZZLED AND APPREHENSIVE, Dr. James Gemmill, the divisional medical officer for Eastern Glasgow, hurriedly left the Health Department. The general practitioner's words over the telephone echoed through his thoughts. "I'd like you to have a look at her. . . . She has a rash. . . . I'm a bit suspicious because she says she's been visiting someone in ward nine at Knightswood regularly until about a week ago. . . ." Margaret McGinty, the doctor repeated to himself, Miss Margaret McGinty. But who the devil had she visited? Why didn't he know about it? After all, there had been a check and cross-check on all hospital visitors. Her name was on none of the lists. She *couldn't* have smallpox.

All the same, doubts nagged his mind. What if there had been a slip-up? What if she *had* been in the ward? It would be possible then that she had smallpox—in fact, highly probable. It would be advanced, too; it was now Thursday, March 30, sixteen days since the infected Indian, Moosa Ali, had been in the ward under a wrong diagnosis of pneumonia. Allowing for twelve days of incubation, that meant she would have been ill for more than four whole days. . . .

Thus harassed by his thoughts, Dr. Gemmill drove out to the east end tenement where forty-three year old Miss McGinty lived. His concern was amply justified. If she was a smallpox case, the implications might be terrible. Since the outbreak had begun four days earlier, the Health Department doctors, sanitary inspectors and nurses had worked more than twelve hours a day tracking down, vaccinating and keeping under daily surveillance hundreds of people who had been in contact with Knightswood Hospital. Partly as a result of their efforts, all the smallpox cases had so far been among *known* contacts. But, if a case was found which could not be traced back to the hospital, the outbreak could be considered out of control.

By 11.30 a.m. the doctor was at Miss McGinty's bedside and all speculation was over. She had quite severe smallpox. Feebly, she told him that she had been ill since Monday.

"When did you last go out?"

"On Monday."

The doctor breathed more freely. "You say, Miss McGinty, you've been visiting someone in ward nine at Knightswood Hospital?"

"Yes. Mr. McDowell."

"McDowell! But surely he denied having any

visitors?" Miss McGinty sighed and murmured: "Did he? He's a bit forgetful, you know."

Without further ado, the doctor went out, phoned the Health Department and told one of his inspectors to check on McDowell. At the same time, he called for the smallpox ambulance and told his vaccination squad to get down to the tenement as quickly as they could.

Presently, the inspector reported back on McDowell. A fifty-six year old bachelor, he had been discharged from ward nine on March 18. He was on the hospital lists and had been traced on Tuesday, living alone in a downtown hotel. When he had denied having any visitors at the hospital, it had seemed to fit in quite plausibly with his introverted nature. The inspector concluded: "He now says he forgot about Miss McGinty, but definitely no one else came to see him."

"Tell him I want to see him at ten tomorrow morning," Dr. Gemmill said. For the problem of how Miss McGinty got her infection was still not altogether solved. She had, she said, last visited the hospital on March 12 and 15; the first date gave a most unlikely incubation period of fifteen days, and by the second date Moosa Ali had left ward nine.

The Great Search for Contacts

However, Dr. Gemmill could now only give the problem brief thought. The ambulance had left with Miss McGinty, his squad had arrived and scores of contacts demanded attention. They began with the thirty-six inhabitants of the tenement. Then they dealt with the staffs of a post office, two newsagents and a cinema which Miss McGinty had visited on the Monday. Though she had not been outside her apartment since then, numerous people had called at the tenement. They included milkmen, newsboys, coalmen, door-to-door salesmen, insurance agents, a meter reader, a district nurse, friends and relatives of the tenants, now widely scattered all over the city. It took the squad most of the next forty-eight hours to track them down.

On the Friday morning—March 31—William McDowell called at the Health Department. Dr. Gemmill had earlier checked with Knightswood that everything on McDowell's bed was disinfected or washed on March 14, the day Moosa Ali developed his rash; Miss McGinty, therefore, could not have been infected from that source during her visit on the fifteenth.

"Did Miss McGinty take anything away with



Doctors were mobilized for the crisis. The

her on her last visit?" Dr. Gemmill asked McDowell.

"No."

"You must try to be absolutely certain."

"M'm—och, I can't really remember."

Dr. Gemmill persisted.

"Mr. McDowell, did you have any washing done while you were in hospital?"

"Yes."

"Did Miss McGinty ever do any?"

"Oh, she may have done a vest—but that was a few weeks ago."

"Did she take any away on March 15?"

McDowell smiled. "It's so long ago, you know. I don't really remember." After half an hour, Dr. Gemmill ended the interview.

Later that Friday, the outbreak's fifteenth victim was confirmed when a seventeen-year-old Knightswood nurse, Mary Lennon, developed a rash. Then another terrible discovery was made. A case of malignant, haemorrhagic smallpox was diagnosed at Hairmyres Hospital, Hamilton—more than ten miles away from Glasgow. The victim was Dr. Janet Fleming, who had seen the Indian, Moosa Ali, while on a postgraduate course at Knightswood.

Because of her religious convictions, Dr. Fleming had never been vaccinated, and the disease had attacked her violently. By the time the smallpox ambulance arrived with her at the compound she was already moribund. Her rash was so extensive that the doctors had difficulty in giving her a drug injection. When they finally did so, the haemorrhage under the skin welled up into the hypodermic needle.

To Dr. William Gilmour, Hamilton's suave, personable medical officer, the news of the case was almost unnerving. Points from the



scene inside one of the Glasgow vaccination centres, where 1,100 people an hour were treated

inquiries he had made earlier in the week flashed into his mind. First, Dr. Fleming had started to feel unwell ten days ago on Tuesday, March 21, giving an incubation period of only seven days; secondly, she had continued working for the rest of that week (she was junior partner in a large local practice); and thirdly, she had not been isolated at Hairmyres. Her contacts, he realized with foreboding, would be enormous.

First thing on Saturday morning he sent his six health visitors out to try to locate as many as they could. He instructed them to report back to him frequently. By mid-afternoon they had traced about 900 and the doctor began to realize that the task was hopeless. In many cases, of course, Dr. Fleming had been in intimate contact with her patients, from examining throats to assisting a woman in childbirth. As she did not own a car, she had visited her patients by bus and on foot. She had ridden and walked all over town.

Fear That People Might Panic

At three o'clock, Robroyston Hospital phoned to say that Dr. Fleming had died. At four thirty Dr. Gilmour picked up his phone and dialled the convener of the Health Committee, Baillie Mrs. Mary Ewart. "I've decided we must get the whole town vaccinated," he said.

Hamilton has a population of 40,000; at that moment Dr. Gilmour had about 3,000 doses of vaccine. Against higher medical advice, which pointed out that the townsfolk might panic if the vaccine supplies failed, he decided to open vaccination centres immediately. He set the arrangements moving, then called Dr. Frederick Smart at Law Hospital, Carlisle, and asked for 15,000 doses of vaccine by morning. Smart

gasped, said that he had not more than 5,000 in the place. By seven o'clock, however, four centres were open in the town. As a loudspeaker van toured the streets, people began to trickle in. Cinemas flashed spidery notices on their screens. The trickle swelled into a stream. By ten thirty, 3,000 people had been vaccinated.

Meanwhile, in Glasgow the Fleming case had induced the chief medical officer, Dr. Laidlaw, to call an emergency meeting with the heads of the Health Committee and the Regional Hospital Board. Fearing an epidemic, they decided to enlarge the smallpox compound.

Though the vaccination rate in Glasgow was still low, there were signs of growing alarm. Contacts complained to the sanitary inspectors that their neighbours were giving them a wide berth and refusing to speak to them. Printers in a Glasgow newspaper office threatened to go on strike unless a reporter who had visited the Fleming home was sent out of the building.

On the Saturday morning a Transport Department inspector breathlessly phoned the Health Department, asking for a medical officer to come to a tram parked in a street not far from the city centre. Apparently, when the conductor had asked a young woman on the top deck for her fare she had told him: "Oh, you won't want my fare, I'm a smallpox contact." He had promptly fled downstairs, followed by the rest of the top-deck passengers. The inspector said: "I've now got everyone off the tram except her. Would you come and have a look at her?" Unfortunately, while he was making the call the woman herself had alighted and, with the other passengers gaping at her, had disappeared up the road. The medical officer was inclined to be sceptical—"It may have been

a hoax." Nevertheless, the reaction of the passengers had been significant.

Sunday dawned beautifully. At eight thirty the vaccine which Dr. Gilmour had requested arrived in Hamilton; a night express had brought it from London. In Glasgow, 80,000 doses had arrived by plane. Newspapers gave headlines to Dr. Fleming's death.

At nine, when the vaccination centres were opened, people were already waiting outside. Through the morning an increasing stream converged on them. In answer to a Health Department appeal, Hamilton's clergy warned their congregations of the danger and urged them to get vaccinated immediately after the service.

By now Dr. Gilmour had mobilized all the town's general practitioners. Among the nurses who had also volunteered to help was a girl home on holiday from Australia. At their side corporation clerks quietly compiled seemingly endless registers of names and addresses.

The Rumour-mongers Were Busy

By this time in Glasgow the queue at the Health Department centre wound two-deep for half a mile. Extra staff, including medical students and canteen workers, had to be called in by phone and taxi. Five more centres were hurriedly opened. Throughout the afternoon the nineteen doctors, thirty nurses and twenty clerks at the main centre worked almost non-stop. Names and addresses were taken, arms were swabbed, treated with vaccine and scratched with hagedorn needles at the rate of 1,100 an hour. But at 5 p.m. more than 2,000 people still waited outside, and the queue showed no signs of diminishing.

At Hamilton people came in on buses from nearby towns and villages, and Glasgow-bound travellers got off their trains. The vaccination queues lengthened. Anti-vaccinationists and rumour-mongers began to say that the vaccine supplies were giving out. The story spread rapidly. At the same time a similar rumour was circulating in Glasgow. The buses on the road between the two places began to get crowded as Hamilton people decided to go to Glasgow to get vaccinated, and Glasgow people went to Hamilton.

In the late afternoon Dr. Gilmour toured his centres with the Health Committee convener. They noticed uneasily that the queues were still gradually growing. At the present rate, it would take all night to deal with them. But it was imperative that no one got tired of waiting.

Dr. Gilmour hurriedly drove back to his office and called his Motherwell colleague. Within an hour he had recruited six doctors and they were on their way to Hamilton. Another doctor and two nurses were coming from Motherwell County Hospital. When Dr. Gilmour again visited the centres at nine o'clock the crisis was over; shortly after midnight the doctors came to the ends of the queues. Since 9 a.m. they had vaccinated 12,000 people; at Glasgow they had dealt with 13,350.

Nerve-racking Wait For Cases

With the Scottish morning newspapers now giving the outbreak the front-page headlines, a further 31,000 people in Glasgow and 10,000 in Hamilton streamed to the vaccination centres on Monday. Among them, by way of example, were the bailies and councillors of Glasgow Corporation. Another 100,000 doses of vaccine were flown from London and 200,000 were put on a night train. Rumours of a shortage persisted.

At the Robroyston compound the baby who had toxoplasmosis died. In the evening Dr. Laidlaw announced that the first wave of cases was over. Now began the nerve-racking wait for secondary cases, the people who had been infected by the first wave. Were there any other Margaret McGintys? Worse still, were any of them now outside Glasgow?

During a brief visit to Hamilton on Tuesday, Sir Andrew Davidson, the Scottish Health Department's chief medical officer, told Dr.

Windshield up for outdoors,
down for indoors

"Eeny
meeny
miny mo -
put a
RONSON
in the toe"

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FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**



People waited calmly in queues as the task of vaccinating everybody began. But if the vaccine had run out there might have been a panic

Gilmour that they could expect another twenty cases in the town. "But don't be worried by this second wave," he said. "Concentrate on stopping the third."

The first suspected secondary case was found in Burnbank, near Hamilton, the same day. The patient, eighteen-year-old Marion McKenna, had been under treatment from Dr. Fleming. About the same time, 500 miles out in the Atlantic, a cargo ship turned back to Greenock when one of her crew developed a rash.

In the next three days 80,000 people were vaccinated at the Glasgow centres. General practitioners, who queued at the Health Department for vaccine supplies, dealt with thousands more. Meanwhile, the number of contacts visited daily by the sanitary inspectors had passed the 2,000 mark.

Sterilizing The Visitors

For some days now four of the patients in the smallpox compound had been critically ill. On Tuesday, April 4, seventeen-year-old Mary Lennon had asked for a priest. Father John Gillespie came from nearby St. Philomena's Church to give her the Last Sacrament.

For him, as for the doctors and medical students who also visited the compound, the admission procedure was strict. After being vaccinated, they were escorted by the hospital superintendent, Dr. Foulis, to the compound gates. One of the staff inside let them in, locking the gates immediately after them. Before entering the ward, they took off their outer clothes in the wash cubicles. Then they put on a full-length gown overlapping at the back and fitting tightly at the wrists and neck, thigh-length linen boots and a hat which covered all of the head but the face. As they left the ward they took off these clothes and put them in a basket. Out in the wash cubicles they washed and disinfected their arms, hands and face. Dr. Foulis watched continually.

The other isolation precautions were equally strict. All outgoing letters were hung over a formalin vapour lamp for twenty minutes (on one occasion a batch caught fire and had to be rewritten). Because the smallpox infection can be transmitted even after death, layers of formalin and sawdust were placed inside the coffins. At the funerals themselves, the coffin cords were left in the graves.

So far, not one secondary case had been confirmed. Both of the suspects, the seaman and the shopgirl Marion McKenna, had been negated. Gradually, the number of vaccinations had dropped. However, at his Press conference that Friday evening Dr. Laidlaw said: "The situation is still very grave." Mary Lennon, the

seventeen-year-old Knightswood nurse, had died at 6.30 p.m.

During the next three days three more of the hospital staff died: Isabel Lloyd, the laundrymaid, Margaret Davidson, the nurse who had been twenty the previous Sunday, and Cathie Wilson, the first victim of the outbreak. Mrs. Wilson, one of the smallpox compound volunteers, was at her daughter's bedside.

To the astonishment (and credit) of the Health Departments no secondary cases did occur. Nor were there any more deaths. On April 17 Dr. Laidlaw announced that Glasgow was free from infection. Four days later Dr. Gilmour made a similar proclamation at Hamilton. On the same day the last of the 2,000-odd Glasgow contacts was released from daily surveillance and the last of the vaccination centres was closed.

For the records, they had been open twelve hours a day for three weeks and 162,000 people had passed through them. A similar number had been vaccinated at doctors' surgeries and another 20,000 at their workplaces. The Health Department squads had also vaccinated some 14,000 people while tracing contacts.

Vaccination Saved Them

Nineteen people had caught the disease. "All but six of them," Dr. Laidlaw pointed out later, "had been successfully vaccinated in early childhood. Those six unvaccinated or unsuccessfully vaccinated all died." Albert Harrison, one of the patients who recovered, had been vaccinated only once in 1886, yet his rash consisted of just three spots on his palms and two on his back.

During the last week of April, the patients and staff in the smallpox compound were gradually discharged. As they left, their clothing, personal belongings, all the equipment and finally even the ambulance were burned. One morning early in May the compound gates were locked from the outside.

THE END

Murder in Navarre

FOUR people walk casually in a field outside a French village. In a moment, one of them will drop dead. But the local police inspector, idly watching, doesn't know that. There is nothing to show that a well-plotted murder is about to take place. . . . That is the opening of "Murder in Navarre," by W. E. Armstrong, a new-style "whodunit." Don't miss this brilliant complete story in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE DESPERATE WOMAN

Continued from page 8

said. "That is to say, I think he hates me."

The warden let his eyes wander over Becker's strutting appearance and said precisely, lighting a cigarette, "Does he? Has Rodasky any reason to hate you?"

"You misunderstood, Herr Direktor, if I may say so," Becker raised his voice because he was nervous and because he wanted to make a good impression. "I didn't mean me personally. I meant we Germans. He is a Pole."

When the warden didn't answer, Becker went on complainingly: "We wouldn't have had to bother about him in the first place if he hadn't been a Pole. The Americans might have had him shot right away."

The Seal, he noticed, was crushing his cigarette impatiently. The freckles across the bridge of his nose suddenly stood out like little spots glued to the skin, no longer part of the flesh. Becker went on quickly: "He never talks. Never a question or a remark. Hardly answers when he's spoken to. Who does he think he is?"

The Seal lifted his hand, very slightly, but it sufficed to stop Becker. "Bring Rodasky up here," he said. "I want to talk to him."

WHILE he waited, he took another look at Simeon's photographs. Left profile, right profile, straight forward. "Come in." He answered the knock at his door quite mechanically.

"Prisoner. Rodasky," Becker's voice blared in his ears.

Grote noticed with surprise that almost ten minutes had passed since he had sent the guard for the prisoner. This losing himself in his thoughts was getting to be a bad habit. Becker marched his prisoner into the middle of the room, stepped forward, then stood aside.

"You may go and you may close the door."

For just a second Becker hesitated, then he turned sharply and left. Simeon remained standing on the spot Becker had assigned him and Grote, waiting for the door to close, looked up and smiled at him.

"Sit down," he said, indicating with a slight, slow movement one of the two chairs on either side of the desk. Simeon sat down without a word. He looked, thought Grote, older than he had expected from the photographs, more like a man in his early thirties than a youth just past twenty-five. He was quite tall, exactly six feet according to the record, but seemed taller because of his slimmness.

"Well," he said, "is there anything I can do for you? Any complaints you want to make, any questions about your house money? Any requests for special favours such as visitors, mail? Do you want to continue to take part in the classes? We have two very good teachers here. Do you want to go on with the carpentering you have been taught or do you want to take up a new trade? I like to get things straight and matters cleared up as quickly as possible, because I think it helps us all to live together."

Then it occurred to him that he was speaking quickly, perhaps too quickly for a foreigner. "I gather from your papers that you understand German, Rodasky," he said, slowly. "Is that so?"

"I do." The voice was flat.

"Had much trouble learning it?"

Simeon shrugged.

"That would surprise me. Most

Poles speak German where you come from, don't they? Anyway, you had enough time to study, didn't you? You were kept in solitary confinement for quite a long time. Or," he started to open a new packet of cigarettes but put it back on the desk, unopened, "didn't you want to learn German?"

"I learned German before I was sentenced." The voice was still without any modulation.

"That's right. I forgot. You were in a slave labour camp. How long, exactly?"

The long-fingered narrow hand pointed in exasperation to the papers on Grote's desk.

"I know," Grote said. "It's all there. I read it and I can read it again. But reading is not the same as talking. I like to get to know my prisoners. It's my duty, or what I like to regard as the duty of a director of a prison. We can't escape each other. We are both here for good. I do not want any lives wasted, neither yours nor mine."

Simeon did not answer.

"Well, how long were you in that camp?"

"Nearly two years."

The warden looked at Simeon and away. "You worked in the mines?"

Simeon's eyes narrowed. "Yes," he said, slowly. "We were forced to work in the mines."

For a second Grote felt a strong compulsion to lean forward across the table, to demand Rodasky's attention with his own story, to tell him that he, too, had tried to fight the Hitler régime and in consequence had been sent to one of those camps where people, if they were not broken completely, emerged as "rehabilitated." Such intimacy, however, was impossible. All he said, therefore, was: "You were in the Ruhr. Near Essen."

AGAIN Simeon was silent. And before Essen, he wanted to say, the concentration camp, where they not only starved and worked us to death, but, whenever they got bored or bad-tempered, murdered as many as they wanted that day, making a game of it, picking out the names of their victims at random or, perhaps, just taking every tenth man or woman. But he had kept that year in the concentration camp in Poland to himself, like his French nationality, if for no other reason than that the less they knew, the more separate he could feel from them, with something of his own, something they did not share, that they could not taunt him with. And for another, less selfish, more sentimental reason—not to have the name of his parents tainted with murder.

"The mines," Grote said again, ignoring the silence, yet deeply aware of it. "Your small group made its way independently out of the camp. Why didn't you wait until the Allies liberated you?"

"Why?" said Simeon. "Because we wanted to get home as quickly as possible."

"You told the judge you were an orphan. You said that already during the early stages of the war your parents had died, your whole family had been wiped out in one night's bombing."

Simeon caught his lower lip between his teeth. "There comes a point," he said, "when all that matters is to be free."

"So you looted your way across Germany."

Simeon nodded.

"I can understand," said Grote, "that somehow you felt justified in taking advantage of the confusion of

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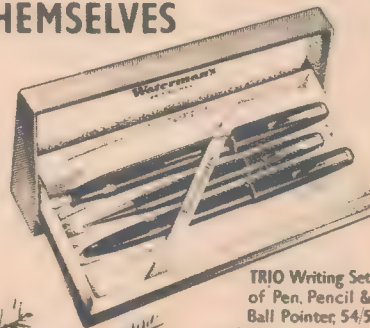


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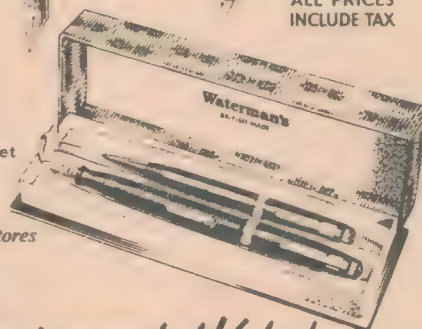
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that terrible winter, that you had no qualms about stealing from the Germans whatever you needed to keep alive, but why did you kill an American?"

Simeon's lips were twisted in a narrow, stubborn line. "He was in my way."

"He was guarding the depot you broke into. He was doing his duty."

"He was trying to arrest me. I wasn't going to be arrested by anyone."

Grote bent over the record, glancing at the last page. "You were condemned to death," he said. "Do you feel you have been treated unjustly by the Americans?"

"You will read," said Simeon, "that I did not ask for clemency. The sentence was automatically commuted to life because I happened to be a few days less than twenty-one years old."

"I know," said Grote. "The lawyer appointed to defend you. . . ."

He was interrupted by the strange unexpected sound of Simeon's laughter. Again he was forced to think of Becker and wondered if, after all, the guard had been entirely wrong.

"I'm sorry," said Simeon. For the first time his voice was no longer flat, but vibrant. "A moment ago you asked me if I felt the Americans had treated me unjustly. On second thoughts I'd like to answer, yes. They let me live."

Grote leaned back in his chair. "Rodasky, one of these days we'll have another talk. In the meantime you will continue to work as a carpenter and attend lectures."

Grote pressed the bell for Becker. But before he opened the file of the next prisoner, he glanced once more at Simeon's data. "Professes no religion," he read. And under Mail: "Neither writes nor receives letters." Visitors: "None."

He sighed.

NEXT morning Simeon was put to work at a repair job in the cellar of Felseck. All night long he had lain awake, hoping that the pictures Grote had conjured up in his mind would fade away, but they remained alive with a terrible persistence, as if the warden had illuminated this dark corner of his past with a floodlight. Now he found himself driving a nail into the wood of the door he was repairing until it splintered, and realized that he had been striking against it with too much angry force.

Grote, he thought again. Damn him! Nothing but sadism. German sadism. Everything in front of him, black on white, neatly typed, double-spaced, and he has to go and unlock a man's memory. "Your small group made its way independently out of the camp. . . ."

He had forbidden himself to think of Paul, of Valentin and Red and Anton, after the first year in prison. After that first year he had given up all hope that they would ever get in touch with him. Before that he had consoled himself with the thought that perhaps they believed him dead, but he knew better, knew that they would follow his case and know that his sentence had been commuted.

At times he had wondered if, after all, they had gone back to the places of their birth, in spite of the fact that the Russians now ruled in their native lands—Paul to Poland, Anton and Valentin to Czechoslovakia and Red to Hungary, and if perhaps that was the reason he didn't hear from them. He missed them. Paul most of

all. Paul, who had been drafted by the Germans for regular service in their navy against his will, and had been sentenced to slave labour for insubordination.

There had been something about Paul, a quality of independence, of courage, which had given all of them a lift. Paul could kill depression and fatigue with his high, sarcastic laugh, dispel a sentimental mood with a brutal crack and create warmth merely by not laughing, not joking, but listening quietly, attentively, with a wise, sad smile.

Why, thought Simeon, had his old comrades forsaken him when they knew that he would never make friends with his fellow-prisoners in Felseck, where everyone was a German?

The foreman walked up to him, looked at the door Simeon was working on, and said: "You're making a mess of it. If you're not careful I'll put another man on this job and report you for intentionally destroying government property. Understand?"

Like him, this man was a prisoner, only much older and due for pardon in a year or two. Every two months he made use of his privilege and had his civilian clothes handed out to him: a neat blue suit, white shirt and grey tie in which to receive his wife. Every eight weeks his wife and three children trotted up to see him, regular as clockwork, so Becker had told Simeon.

"Don't glare at me," the older man said now. "I didn't kill any of you dirty Poles, if that's what you have against me. If you think we Germans behaved badly, you should see what the Russians are doing!"

"No talking," shouted Becker, rounding a bend in the cellar, his voice re-echoing against its walls. He looked at Simeon's work and sneered. "You call that carpentering?"

Becker looked at the foreman and the man walked away.

"What's got into your head?" Becker said, leaning his foot against the box on which Simeon had laid his other tools. "Why start giving me trouble now? Five years in good standing and a trip of a few hours drives you crazy."

As usual, Becker with his blunt, animal knowledge was right. It wasn't Grote so much who had

stirred up memories; it had been the rolling of the wheels, singing of the past.

"What the hell do you think this is, a sanatorium?" Becker put his hand roughly on Simeon's shoulder, shaking him. "Get going, or I'll put you on report for refusing to work."

Simeon dropped the box of nails he had been holding. They spilled all over the damp, grey floor. "Pick them up! What are you waiting for? Every single one of them. Three dozen you had. You'd better account for every one."

Simeon knelt on the floor. One, two, eight, fifteen he counted. Ten he had used, that left eleven. He found nine more but hard as he looked, two remained missing. His hand reaching out, fumbling in the cracks where the crude stone wall met the cement flooring, touched something round and hard, withdrew, touched it again. He looked up and back over his shoulder. Becker was walking away. Simeon drew his hand close and stared at the object. Greyish-brown, big as a walnut. But not quite that hard. When he squeezed it, it collapsed into little whitish, seed-like bits. Then he knew what it was. Rat poison. There was another, and another. And after a while he found the two missing nails.

BECKER was making the rounds in Block 2. He walked with his shoulders hunched, for it was chilly in the long, dimly lit passages of Felseck. How different it had been in the State prison, always so brightly illuminated, with catwalks running along the cells and wire meshing for ceilings, so that you could see what was going on from the lowest to the highest floor without having to move a step. This place gave him the creeps.

Mumbled swear words greeted him as he opened and closed the small iron shutters with a bang. Becker smiled. Some of the men had grown wise to his trick of shining a torch on them through the shutters every ten minutes, and covered their faces with their hands. Some were lying on their stomachs.

There was something odd, though, in the way Rodasky lay on his cot. The Pole had pulled up his legs so

that they made a little hill, obstructing the view of his face.

Becker let the flashlight play along the cell.

"Heÿ, you!" he called. "Something wrong with you, Rodasky?" The echo of his voice was like an answer in the passage but inside the cell all was silence. "Answer me, will you?"

There was no answer. Becker fumbled for the key and pressed a button next to the door. A red light flashed on over it, signalling his whereabouts to the control room.

As he stepped up to the cot he heard a strange, strangling noise. Rodasky lay, one fist pressed into his mouth, sweat pouring down his deathly pale face, unable to stifle his moans.

Becker kept the flashlight on the glazed eyes.

"You swine!" he said "Poison, is it? Poison. Poison." He shook the figure on the bed. Saliva was turning to foam on Rodasky's lips.

"You'll kill yourself, will you? Kill yourself, eh? It's a pleasure, do you understand, a pleasure. I'd just love to pump a bullet into you. If only you'd done it the right way and fought me, instead of sneaking up on me like this, you *schweinehund*! You'll live, you'll live to pay for this trick."

Then he went away to send another guard for the doctor.

SOMEONE was bending over him. A cool hand was stroking his forehead and shading his eyes against the light. Paul, thought Simeon. It couldn't be anyone but Paul. He lay perfectly still. In a moment now Paul would tell him not to worry, that everything would be all right.

"I wish you would go on without me," he whispered. "You shouldn't lose time. I'll catch up with you sooner or later."

No answer, except a slightly increased pressure of the hand on his temples. It seemed to say in silent assurance that they were in this together.

He must have dozed off, for when he opened his eyes again they were still there, all of them this time, no longer close to him, but huddled in a little group at the far side.

As he moved, he felt, to his surprise, the softness of a mattress beneath him and sheets covering him.

One of the men came forward. It was a man in a white coat and tortoiseshell glasses. "Well," he said. "You certainly gave us trouble. Now, lie back and keep quiet."

Suddenly Grote was there on the other side of Simeon's bed. "Calm, Rodasky," he said. "Keep calm. That for the moment is all we ask of you."

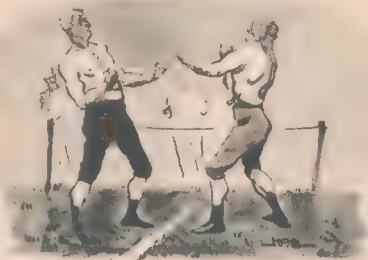
The doctor and the warden left the room together and a third man stepped up to the bed. "You certainly looked like a goner," he said, peering at Simeon curiously. "Never expected you to open your eyes again." He, too, was wearing a white coat, but the trousers showing beneath it were prison garb. "I'm the nurse here. They call me Bones." He chuckled to himself. "I never heard such a row," he said. "We had to pump you up with morphine to keep you quiet."

He went on talking, but Simeon was suddenly too weak even to listen.

He lay motionless, staring at the whitewashed ceiling, the whitewashed walls around him, at the instruments that blinked behind their glass cases in a corner of the room, at the five other beds in a row with his, all empty, at the stove sending

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore



WHY WE SAY . . . COME UP TO SCRATCH

THIS saying is derived from the days of prize-fighting when boxers fought with bare fists. The "scratch" was a line scratched across the ring which the contestants toed, squaring up to one another before the signal was given to start—generally by dropping a handkerchief.

When the boxers "came up to scratch" it meant that they were both fit, ready and able to fight as wagered.



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little waves of warmth across to him. He had failed. . . .

According to regulations, prisoners who were given work indoors had the right to walk for half an hour daily in the fresh air. After five days Simeon was led out into the yard at a time when, except for the guards at the gate, it lay deserted. The yard was unexpectedly large and oval, with an old fountain in its centre. The castle was built around it. The building was square, with two round squat towers, one facing south, the other north. Glancing up at the south tower Simeon saw Bones looking down at him from the highest window, waving his hand. Simeon ignored the greeting, and, while he was still trying to familiarize himself with the layout of the fortress, he heard his name called. Turning, he saw the warden.

HE hadn't met Grote again since that first moment of consciousness in the sickroom. "Follow me," Grote said, leading the way across the yard and towards a low wooden door in the wall. To Simeon's surprise it was not locked. But as soon as he had passed through it he knew why this wasn't necessary. He seemed to be stepping into a void, so unexpected, so steep was the decline. A solid, vertical wall of rock fell hundreds of yards into the valley below.

Impulsively he stepped back into safety. Nobody could escape this way. Beside the door, two steps led to the ramparts which ran all round the plateau on which the castle was built. Between the ramparts and the outer walls lay a narrow walk.

Grote leaned across the rampart towards the valley, ignoring him, but after a minute or so, without turning, he made a beckoning movement with his hand and Simeon came to stand next to him. Like Grote, he rested his arms on the faintly warm stone wall and so they stood for a while, silently watching a thin flag of smoke from the village curl in the wind.

Unexpectedly, Grote said: "When you were a child, a boy, what plans did you have for the future?"

"Plans?" Simeon shrugged. "I don't think I had any. I was only fifteen when the war broke out."

"But you knew her then, didn't you?"

"Knew whom?"

"Anne," said Grote into the wind. "You kept calling for her, you know."

A bird rushed past them, so close they could see the bit of straw it carried.

Had he finally lost control over himself and called her name in the agony of that night? Simeon's jaw set. Yet, strangely, he could endure hearing her name mentioned now, without losing his new invulnerability. "Yes, I knew her then."

"When you were transported to the Ruhr, where was she?"

"With friends."

He saw it all again, but as if through thin curtains, curtains of gauze. Removed, far removed. Father Feliks, the priest who had sheltered them, who had supplied them with the forged Polish passports, who had taken them to Piotr. Piotr, who in the dark of night had erased the numbers branded into their arms, grafting and replacing the skin so that, should they be recaptured, they could not be recognized as former inmates of a concentration camp. Feliks and Piotr, and all the others who had helped them through a cleverly established system of contacts. Yes, he had left Anne with Feliks early that morning,

certain he would return from the errand assigned to him in a few hours, but on his way back to her he had been caught.

"That was in 'forty-three," Grote said. "You were nineteen then."

"Yes, I was nineteen." The curtains veiling his memory remained. The past was like a wound which, for a moment, had ceased to hurt.

"And you haven't heard from her since?"

Simeon did not answer.

"Is that why you've never mentioned her to anyone? Good Lord! Didn't you tell yourself that she couldn't know what had happened to you? That she might think you were dead? Or that it was impossible for her, left behind in Poland, to get in touch with you? Or that as soon as she had a chance she would try to find you? In times like ours. . . ."

In a moment now Grote, in his obvious kindness, would suggest some possible means of getting in touch with her, and in another moment the pain would once more become unendurable.

"Don't bother," Simeon told him. "She's dead."

"Dead? How do you know?"

"A friend told me."

From somewhere behind them came the sound of a mouth-organ, abrupt little notes split by the wind. A guard, probably, whiling away some free time. Now the wound was breaking wide open. Simeon's lips trembled. He heard his own voice, speaking calmly, a voice that did not seem to belong to him. "Shortly before the end of the war, a new load of slave labourers was brought into our camp. Among them were a few Poles. I had a picture of Anne. One of them recognized her as a girl taken by the Germans in the same round-up."

"Go on."

"She refused to be taken. She tried to run away. So they shot her."

GROTE reached into the pocket of his coat and pulled out a half-empty packet of cigarettes. He held it out. The gesture startled Simeon into politeness. "Thanks."

After they had smoked for a minute or two in silence, the warden said lightly, flipping off some ash which had blown on to his sleeve: "A few days ago, I had a letter. A letter inquiring about you."

Simeon started to cough. He stared at the man standing next to him, watching him as all wardens had to watch their prisoners.

"A letter, forwarded from your last address," Grote went on quietly, "asking permission to see Simeon Rodasky from Poznan on an urgent, private matter. The reason being that the writer believes the said Rodasky to be identical with her former fiancé for whom she has searched all over Europe since the war ended. This letter, though, is signed with a name I do not regard as Polish. Marie-Anne Thiolat."

"She is dead," Simeon whispered. "I just told you, she is dead. Paul saw her killed with his own eyes."

Grote put his hand on Simeon's, and felt it shake under his palm. "I talked to her this morning," he said. "When she heard you had been moved to Felseck she took the next train. She identified you from your pictures as the man she has been searching for. I granted her the interview with you."

He reached for his hat and jammed it on his head. Then he turned. Simeon turned with him. There, where the ramparts began, leaning against the wall, stood Anne.

To be continued next week

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Most likely cause of that Mtiny squeak when you wriggle your chair is a loose joint. Unrepaired, it will throw the strain on to the other joints and soon the whole chair will fall apart.

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If most of the joints are gone, the chair will probably have to be taken apart to be repaired—and that's a job best left to a carpenter.

YANGTSE INCIDENT

Continued from page 16

and Winter had not. I wonder what could have happened to it, Kerans worried. The Chinese Naval Chief of Staff had told him in confidence that the Communists had now crossed the river to the west of Kiang Yin near the railway and might cut it very soon. The evacuation of Chingkiang had been ordered. This meant that the train, scheduled to leave at ten in the morning, would be the last one for Shanghai. But Kerans had persuaded the stationmaster to delay the train's departure so that the wounded could be loaded with appropriate care. Hundreds of Chinese refugees with frightened faces were boarding the train.

The coach reserved for the *Amethyst* wounded had two private sleeping compartments, one at each end, the rest of the car being filled with two-tier berths. When Kerans entered the coach for a last-minute inspection before the wounded were carried in, he found a Chinese woman and her two young children in one of the private compartments. Later he learned that she was the wife of one of the station guards who had sneaked her aboard. With her, in addition to the children, was a great pile of bedding and household goods.

Lost His Temper

By then Kerans had gone a day and a night without sleep. He had hiked endless miles and had bumped in the jeep over countless potholes, and he felt dirty and tired and worried over the two missing dead. He needed every bit of available space in the coach for his wounded. He lost his temper. "Get the hell out of here," he roared. The woman cringed. The stationmaster came. There was an angry scene and finally the woman withdrew with her brood and her chattels.

It was now nearly noon. Kerans knew it was too risky to hold the train up any longer for the two lost dead. "Okay," he told the stationmaster, "let her go." The train

began slowly to move. As it did so, one of the Chinese lorry drivers came running up, waving his arms and yelling wildly: "They've come! They've come!" The stationmaster stopped the train and the two bodies were carried aboard. The train pulled out with a doleful whistle.

Now that Kerans had got the wounded off to safety (in Shanghai they were taken aboard the United States hospital ship *Repose*, and cared for), he telephoned his report in to Nanking. "The only executive officers left on *Amethyst*," he said, "are Weston, who is badly wounded, and Hett. I think I should try to get on board and take the ship up to Nanking."

"Do that," said Captain Donaldson, the naval attaché.

Kerans found that the news of the Chinese crossing of the Yangtse and consequent order to evacuate Chingkiang, had put the Chinese naval headquarters into a flat spin. They seemed palsied by fear that the Communist bombardment from the opposite shore would begin at any moment. The Nationalists had had a small beachhead on the north bank but had withdrawn it during the night as soon as they saw the Communists were on the move. Wounded were streaming in.

Quite by accident, Kerans again ran into the same young Chinese sub-lieutenant he had met on his arrival from Nanking. This officer had visited *Amethyst* the previous day. This time, bolstering his arguments with Admiral Kwei's letter, he was able to convince the young officer that he should take him to *Amethyst* in a landing craft. Dewar-Durie came down to the wharf to see Kerans off and the slim, thirty-three year old lieutenant-commander, carrying charts and medical supplies, grinned a tired farewell. . . .

Drugged To Keep Awake

Jack French, *Amethyst's* sole telegraphist, had been on constant duty, without sleep and without leaving the wireless key, for fifty-six hours. He didn't know what day it was or how long he had been on the job. Time passed in a foggy daze. When Fearnley arrived he had been given benzedrine so he would not drop into exhausted slumber over his key. Even his meals were brought to him and he was reminded of the time of day by what he was given to eat: boiled eggs meant morning; sausages and chips, noon; rabbit pie, early evening. At times he felt groggy and light-headed, in spite of the benzedrine, but there was no one to take his place and the job had to be done. He stuck stubbornly to his key.

For two full days and nights French had kept the *Amethyst's* only channel of communication open to the outside world. To all but the men on the ship he was an anonymous man tapping a steady, staccato key. Then a signal came from Vice-Admiral Madden: **SPLENDID PERFORMANCE BY ALL ON BOARD. THE WORK OF YOUR SOLE TELEGRAPHIST EVOKES MY ADMIRATION.**

French was getting very sleepy again when a seaman burst into the wireless office. "There's another Sunderland overhead! She's signalling with lights but there's no one to read them." The Sunderland flying boat had been sent out with a padre aboard in the hope that he would be able to get to *Amethyst* and bury the ship's dead.

HANG ON, French signalled to Hongkong. He dashed up to the bridge to read the light signals from the circling Sunderland, but his

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unbroken hours at the key without rest had relentlessly sapped his faculties. He saw more lights than there were. They were all blinking dizzily.

"How many lights are there?" he asked. "Only one," said Lieutenant Hett, surprised.

"I'm sorry," French admitted, "I can't seem to read it."

"Just signal that it's safe to land," someone said at his elbow. French did. The Sunderland came down. As soon as it touched the Yangtze the Communist guns opened fire on it and the Sunderland revved up its motors again and took off. It faded into the distant sky. . . .

The landing craft in which Kerans travelled took about an hour to get from Chingkiang to the ship. From several hundred yards' distance, *Amethyst* did not appear to Kerans to be seriously hurt. No one was moving on her upper deck.

Below decks on *Amethyst*, Artificer Trevor Rees and John McNamara, *Amethyst's* N.A.A.F.I. canteen manager, heard the lookout yell, "Craft approaching downstream!" The two made their way to a sheltered part of the upper deck. They saw Lieutenants Strain and Hett come quietly out of the wireless office and look at the craft through glasses.

"Think it's a Communist attack?" McNamara asked thinly. "Damned if I know," Rees said. "Maybe we'd better set up a Bren gun and cover the landing craft with it." The two set the gun up and waited. Others had, unknown to them, already been detailed to cover the approaching craft. Strain caught sight of the two men. "Hey," he said, "don't fire without provocation."

Then McNamara jumped to his feet. "Look, Taff!" He sounded excited. "There's a naval officer on board! Maybe he's that lieutenant-



commander from Nanking." A signal had reached the ship earlier that day for *Amethyst* to expect Kerans's arrival and word had filtered down to the crew and had caused an excited buzz of speculation. "Maybe it is," Rees said. "Maybe we're going to make a run for it." Then they heard Strain shouting tensely: "Put the Bren out of the way."

As Kerans approached *Amethyst* in the landing craft he saw that his first impression of the damage had been quite wrong. There were jagged shell holes everywhere. The deck was covered with debris but there was still no movement visible on the ship. Then, as the landing craft came alongside, Jack Walker, a stocky ruddy-faced able seaman bobbed up. "Glad to see you, sir!" Walker said.

Hett came over to the side of the ship and reached his hand down to

grip Kerans's and help him aboard. "Where's Lieutenant Weston?" Kerans asked. Hett led the way to the wireless office. Weston was seated stiffly in the canvas-bottomed chair. He grinned up at Kerans.

"Have a horse's neck," said Weston, offering the traditional brandy and ginger-ale. His face was taut with pain. He and Kerans shook hands. Then Kerans turned to Fearnley. "Is this officer fit to carry on?"

"No," Fearnley said. "He ought to go ashore to hospital."

Weston cleared his throat angrily. "I don't want to go. I feel all right. I'm not going."

Kerans shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I'll have to order you to go."

Weston tried hard to hide his bitter disappointment. He tried to grin

but he couldn't quite bring it off. "Well then," he said, "cheerio! I hope we all meet in the Gripes." The Gripes was the Navy name for the bar in the top floor of the Hongkong Hotel. A moment later the landing craft chugged away towards Chingkiang with Weston on board.

As they watched it go, Telegraphist Jack French handed Kerans another message which indicated the Yangtze had indeed been crossed near Nanking and which instructed him not to move *Amethyst*.

The ship was now in a most unfortunate position, and there seemed, for a time at least, to be nothing that could be done to relieve it. She was trapped in the Yangtze between two major Communist assault crossings—at Kiang Yin and near Nanking—and it was increasingly obvious that any fresh movement of the ship either up or down river would result in further serious loss of life, possibly in the destruction of *Amethyst* herself. About eighty officers and men, both wounded and able-bodied, had been evacuated from the ship at different times; eighty-one, including Kerans, and eight Chinese now remained. Kerans had noted that nearly all the life-saving apparatus—Carley floats and lifeboats—had been destroyed in the shelling or lost in the confused evacuation. Only one damaged whaler remained.

At eight o'clock that evening, Kerans received a signalled order from Vice-Admiral Madden, acting Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station: THE SAFETY OF YOUR SHIP'S COMPANY BEING NOW THE FIRST CONSIDERATION YOU ARE NOW TO PREPARE TO EVACUATE FROM THE SHIP AND SINK. REPORT WHEN YOU WILL BE READY. ACKNOWLEDGE.

NEXT WEEK: Kerans plans to destroy the ship. Two sailors in Communist hands

HOLD-UP

Continued from page 11

perhaps jewellery, might well be two or three thousand pounds at the lowest estimate. It was he who had travelled north to study the ground, and had stood several pints of beer to a railway signalman in order to extract from him certain technical details.

He had sent his eight subordinates to Wigan, where they would get on the train and wait until it had passed Tebay. Each had in his pocket a gun and a black silk mask. As soon as the train was through Tebay, they were to spread out, one to a coach, and secure the guard and the sleeping-car attendants. Then, sleeping-car passengers would be herded out into the corridor, and their clothes quickly searched; and passengers in the other coaches would be ordered to "stand and deliver."

Alley had allowed half an hour for this operation, from the time when he would stop the train; and he had given strict orders not to waste time in searching baggage, except in the cases of women who might appear wealthy enough to be travelling with jewellery. Any sign of resistance was to be promptly dealt with, if necessary by a shot in the leg or the shoulder—"but for God's sake don't get killing anybody." Three shots from outside would be the signal, when the half-hour was up, for each man to leave the train and make for two cars waiting in a lane a quarter of a mile away.

Stopping the train had been a separate problem. Alley's receptive brain had absorbed the signalman's explanation of home and distant signals, and how they worked. He

had borrowed a small portable oxy-acetylene apparatus from a friend who specialized in safe-breaking, and had arrived at his chosen signal, an hour before the train was due, with his assistant (they had each driven one of the cars) and two sacks of sand. These he had attached to the signal wires just before they reached the post; and then, using the oxy-acetylene cutter, he had severed the wires just below the post.

He knew that the counter-weights would thus keep the signals at "danger"; and he calculated that, when the signalman in his box away down the line pulled them to "off," the sacks would slide a few inches along the ground and maintain the tension on the wires, thus arousing no suspicion.

Now, they could hear the low, grinding, slurring sound of the brakes, and the train came to a stop with the engine a few yards away from them. The snub-nosed man ran down the track to the first coach; and Alley walked towards the cab of the engine.

DRIVER BURTON, still thinking hard thoughts about goods trains, was startled to see, on the track below him, a figure in a felt hat, mackintosh, and black silk mask. He was still more startled when this figure climbed rapidly up into the cab, holding in one hand a small but unmistakable gun. He blinked at this apparition and said nothing; and Fireman Cleggs dropped a shovel with a clatter.

"All right," said the stranger. "Nobody's going to hurt you, if you behave. Just give us time for some friends of mine to do a little job back there."

"What the bloody hell are you

talkin' about?" Driver Burton had recovered himself, and was indignant.

"Stand still, now!" The gun waved menacingly. "Just a little hold-up, that's all this is. Nothing for you to worry about. Just stick here quietly for half an hour—I've got several men on the job."

The two men were too flabbergasted to speak for a while. And, when they had regained their wits, the small sinister figure with the gun did not encourage conversation.

"Pressure's dropping," Driver Burton commented after a while. The fireman thought he caught the suspicion of a wink. "Shan't be able to get away at once, like."

The masked figure said briefly: "So what?"

"Stay here much longer, an' we'll have a light engine out from Tebay to look for us," Driver Burton said. "And when he finds us, it won't take him long to run back to Tebay and ring the police."

"You'll soon be away," the masked man said. "It's all been worked out, chum."

The driver grunted: "Hope you worked out how long it takes to get pressure up again. If we don't fire up again now, we'll be out of action. That light engine will be along, mate."

Alley thought rapidly. If the train went on its way, it might give him just that much extra time before the police of five counties began stopping all cars. If an engine came up from Tebay, it could return there within ten minutes. . . . he realized he had not thought of that one.

"All right. Stoke up—and no funny business."

Fireman Cleggs, not at all understanding the situation but loyal to

his driver, picked up the shovel and threw open the fire-doors. Driver Burton waited in silence, the corner of his eye on the pressure gauge. The man with the gun watched them steadily, tight-lipped.

BACK in the coaches, things were moving rapidly and according to plan. Two men in the sleeping coaches—one of whom had been in the Commandos—had shown fight; one had been shot in the leg, the other knocked on the head with a revolver. There were some screams from the women and a good deal of excited chattering as the sleeping-car passengers were herded back down the train by the snub-nosed lieutenant and another man; within ten minutes they were all collected, together with the non-sleeper passengers, in a couple of coaches with open seating and central gangways, at the rear of the train.

Other men were going quickly through the sleeping compartments. Several doors had had to be broken in, and the searchers worked with an eye to speed rather than tidiness; in a very few minutes each compartment was reduced to a minor chaos. The attendants had all been neatly handcuffed and secured in their own little compartments. The guard was similarly secured in his van.

The snub-nosed man looked at his watch. Eleven minutes had gone by. Everything seemed to be going well, and they should be clear within the half-hour, without leaving anything behind. There seemed to be one or two nice bits of jewellery. . . .

On the footplate, Driver Burton was talking in a ruminative sort of way. "First case o' this sort I ever heard of, in forty years on the railway," he said, as his fireman peered

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through the still open furnace doors, calculating whether to add another shovelful. "I have heard that they hold up trains in America—or used to. Like as not, though, they catch the chaps that do it—G-men an' that, and police in fast cars."

"They won't catch us," said Alley. "They won't know who they're looking for—even when they do start looking."

"Well, mebbe you're right, maister—"

There was a sudden and shattering roar, a continuous roaring. The thing had happened for which Driver Burton had been waiting. Once, years ago, he had had a distinguished visitor on his footplate, a portly, well-dressed man who had been urbane and patronizing until the sudden roar of steam from the safety-valve had scared him out of his skin. The memory of this had flashed through Driver Burton's mind as he had stood watching the man with the gun; and he had manoeuvred accordingly to get his furnace fired up, and his pressure above the mark.

Now, as the steam blew deafeningly skywards and Alley, extremely startled, glanced upwards with open mouth, Driver Burton leapt on him. The gun went off, and a bullet sang into the night. Fireman Cleggs was not slow to join in, and Alley never had a chance. Indeed, he knew very little about it all; his head was banged hard against the steel plating of the tender, and he scarcely realized what was happening when he was flung unceremoniously out of the cab, to crack his head much more conclusively on the near rail of the up track.

"What about them chaps behind?" asked Fireman Cleggs.

"He said he'd given them half an hour to do t'job. It's nobbut twelve minutes now. We'll tak' a chance. Find a pencil and a sheet o' paper, Tom, quick—one o' them new report forms will do." Tom produced one, and Burton scribbled rapidly. "Now, tie that on to something—your shirt if nowt else—and have it ready when we pass t'Summit box. Wave it at them, an' drop it—an' mak' sure they see."

"What is it?"

"A note to advise the police at Carlisle to be waiting for us at t'station—wi' firearms. I've explained as best I could, and asked for a clear road. We'll get away smart as we can, and be through Penrith and into Carlisle afore they dare try to jump off."

Driver Burton wasted a few more precious moments putting the communication-cord gear (which automatically applied the brakes when the cord was pulled) out of action, then he glanced once more at his gauges, and placed a hand on the regulator.

Driver Burton was an artist when he chose to be. Very gently, without a jerk, he eased the train into motion; then, timing both regulator and cut-off to a nicety, got his train away so smartly that the snub-nosed man, watching the passengers behind, had not recovered from his bewilderment at this unexpected development before the coaches were moving at 30 m.p.h., and going faster every second.

The rest of the gang came back down the train to join the snub-nosed man, their leader in Alley's absence.

They discussed the situation uneasily, one eye on the passengers. "Alley said he'd give us half an hour, an' fire three shots." — "I

thought I heard one shot?" — "Is he going to stop the train again, farther on?" — "What about the cars?" . . .

The snub-nosed man considered. "Wait and see," he said, finally. "Alley's on the engine. Something may have happened we don't know about. Have you blokes collected all there is to collect?"

They shook their heads.

"Well, go back and do it. If the train stops, hop down. If it doesn't, come back here."

Some railwaymen regard Sir William Stanier's 5P class as the most useful locomotive on the London Midland Division. Number 45507 proved its worth over Shap that night, never dropping below 54 m.p.h., from a standing start, until Driver Burton slowed her a trifle as they neared Shap Summit Box. His faithful fireman had the message ready, buttoned securely to his shirt, which was tied round a lump of coal. Driver Burton emitted a series of short blasts on his whistle; and Fireman Cleggs waved his mischievous madly before dropping it abreast of the box.

"Only hope they can read it," said Driver Burton to himself, as he notched up again to a steady forty-five for the run down to Penrith. "We'll give them all the time we can—forty to forty-five all the way should do it," he calculated. "Unless there's any blasted goods trains," he concluded gloomily.

There were not — Shap Summit Box saw to that, shunting a couple on to the loops at Penrith. Railwaymen are trained to deal with a sudden and unusual situation; and Shap passed the message through Penrith to Carlisle without losing more than the few seconds necessary for astonished and profane exclamations caused by a first reading of Driver Burton's scribble. Nor were Carlisle Control any slower off the mark. Realizing that they had between twenty minutes and half an hour to act, they roused the police; and, between Control and police, things were so arranged that half a company of the Border Regiment came screaming up to the Citadel Station in Army transports a minute and a half before the train was due.

DRIVER BURTON'S carefully calculated speed gave them time to spread out along the arrival platform, concentrating at the south end in case the men tried to jump off as the train slowed down. Number 45507 came thundering in at well over thirty, before Driver Burton braked hard. Shots were exchanged at the south end of the platform; two soldiers and a policeman were wounded, and one of the train-robbers was killed outright. The other seven were marched off under escort to the certainty of a long term of imprisonment. A number of sheepish and curiously attired passengers were allowed to return to their berths and count their losses.

Driver Burton, walking down the platform to the scene of the battle (having left an indignant and shirtless fireman in charge of 45507), was met by an excited and agitated little man from the stationmaster's office.

"Are you the driver of this train? Yes? Well, this is very serious—very serious! You'll have to write a report—a full report!"

Driver Burton glowered down at him with the infinite contempt of the man of action for the man of letters.

"Ah've wrote it," he said, in his broadest accents. "Ah left it at Shap Summit Box. An' if tha wants it, tha can bloody well walk back an' get it!"

THE END

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LORD OF THE ISLAND

Continued from page 21

poor it was, and the heavy rains which had hurt the gardens. He asked about No Toes's foot, part of which was inside a giant clam on the bottom of the lagoon.

Then he said, "I have been thinking. I am to marry Toti, as you know, and there should be at least one gift that will surprise her. If the price is low enough, I might be persuaded to take off your hands the worthless engine left to you by the Japanese."

"What would Toti do with a boat engine?"

"Show it to her friends, I suppose. What do you want for it?"

The price was steep. Nevertheless, he agreed, and No Toes brought the motor out of its hiding place.

It was in good condition, as good as the day the Japanese had presented it to No Toes for some obscure service.

Kahohe triumphantly carried his new possession to the cove where his boat lay, and went to work. He was hungry, but refused to heed his stomach—and even forgot to make his promised call on Toti. When darkness dropped over the island and a fat moon climbed out of the sea, he was still not finished.

"Well!" exclaimed a voice that startled him. "You are here, Kahohe!"

Knee-deep in the water, adjusting the bracket he had fashioned to the prau's outrigger brace, Kahohe looked up. His nod was brief.

Frowning, Toti walked into the water to watch him. Kahohe motioned her into the boat and hoisted himself in with her. The beach was deserted, but he made certain they were not watched before taking up his paddle.

He paddled out of the cove and around the point to a smaller cove beyond, where people from the village seldom went. With an eye on his precious motor, he tucked the prau into a sheltered place where even the gleam of the moon failed to find it. There he opened his arms to Toti.

"I am going to be an important man," he said.

Toti said softly: "I do not care about that." She sat down on the sand, and he sat by her side.

"When we marry, you will have the biggest house in Roanonga."

"One room is all I want. The one you are in."

"You'll be proud of me!"

"I am now."

Kahohe lay back, dreaming. She loved him, he knew, but he was not fooled. When he was important she would love him more.

THE sun was just appearing when he reached Little Te-e the next morning. At that hour the lagoon was a thing of beauty, the calm water stretching like a golden smile to kiss the shores of low green islands. Kahohe was too excited to notice. Would his motor run?

In the gloom of the grotto his hands shook as he scooped petrol from the opened drum and filled the small tank.

With his lip between his teeth he wrapped the cord and pulled it. Only a sputter—but that was something! He tried again, again, again, jerking sharply as he had seen the Japanese do when they used similar motors to travel among the islands.

A roar, a growl, and the prau lurched out of the grotto as if towed by a mako!

For a time Kahohe was content to

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



play with his toy, rumbling round and round Little Te-e while learning to master its whimsies. Then he laid a straight course for the far end of the lagoon. Boldly he chugged out through a gap in the chain of islands to brave the deep roll of the open sea. When at last he throttled the motor down and put out his lines, he was far beyond the usual fishing grounds.

He beat back and forth slowly beyond the reef. His arms ached from hauling fish into the boat. And what fish! Not the puny things commonly caught inside the lagoon, but fine silver-green uluas, some of them longer than a man's leg.

He stopped at last because the boat would hold no more. On the way home he gathered cowrie shells at Little Te-e, because he had been too excited to look for them the day before.

When there was a danger that the motor might be heard on the main island, he used his paddle and once more hid his prau in the cove beyond the point.

The first person he called on was Mamorik, chief of all Roanonga. On Mamorik's floor he laid two fish so long and fat that even the chief's daughter, Oonatoa, came forward to admire them.

"What are these?"

"The gods of the sea smiled on me," said Kahohe.

Mamorik hefted the fish and nodded his approval. His daughter looked with more interest at the fisherman and her appraising glance caused Kahohe to blush.

Kahohe went from house to house and traded his fish. It was simple. Kawaii had paw-paws, the best on the island. Old Maka, who lived with a plump wife and eleven children, had plantains.

By the time that Kahohe had disposed of all his surplus fish he had acquired so much food that there was scarcely space under his humble roof to store it.

Would he have more fish tomorrow? people asked.

"Not for food," said Kahohe. "I have so much food it is spoiling. Tomorrow, though, I begin to build a house."

He was late getting to Toti's because he had to explain how big his house would be. He was filled with importance when Toti came to the doorway of her own poor dwelling and looked at him.

"Something has happened," she

said, squinting. "You are different."

He laughed and lifted her in his arms, then set her down and produced the cowrie shells. They gleamed in the moonlight like bubbles of sea fire on dark water. Toti clapped her small hands.

"They are beautiful!"

"You shall have hundreds more."

"But I can wear only one," she insisted.

It was a magnificent house, set importantly by itself in a grove of coconut palms, with a view of the village and the lagoon. The most wonderful thing about it was that Kahohe himself built none of it. Other hands raised the timbers and bound them with hau bark. Other fingers plaited the palm leaves and stitched the flattened bamboo. Kahohe only walked about saying, "Now do this" or "Now do that!"

When the house was finished, all Roanonga came to admire it, and Kahohe said to Toti, "When Nukunu and No Toes and the others have finished making me a garden, with paw-paws and plantains, taro and mangoes and breadfruit and all the other things an important man should have, we'll be married."

Toti was silent.

"Nothing seems to satisfy you lately," he said angrily. "Sometimes I wonder if we will be happy together."

"I am frightened."

"Foolish woman, what is there to be frightened of?"

"You."

"Go home," Kahohe said angrily. "When you talk nonsense I lose patience!"

For a moment Toti gazed at him in silence, her hands and lips trembling. Then she turned and walked away.

He would have called her back. But approaching from the village was the tall, spare form of old Mamorik, chief of all Roanonga, and at Mamorik's side walked his beautiful daughter, Oonatoa.

Kahohe received them and showed them his house. Mamorik told him he had done well and departed to call on a woman who had been made ill by eating a poisonous puffer fish. Oonatoa smiled, sat on the steps and said, "You are a great man, Kahohe."

Kahohe was tongue-tied.

"Not every man," Oonatoa went

on, "could take a dead machine and breathe life into it."

Startled, he faced her. "Who told you?"

"I have watched you hide it."

Kahohe moistened dry lips and looked at her in awe.

"Sit here," she said, "beside me."

He obeyed. He noticed how lovely she was, sitting on his veranda step as if the new house were her house. Her nearness made him tremble.

"You have a fine house," said Oonatoa then, moving just a bit closer so that her smooth thigh touched his and her black hair brushed his shoulder. "Soon you will have much more. Is it not tiring, though, to go fishing every day?"

"Tiring? I like to fish!"

"But surely not every day, when it would be so easy to let another do it for you."

Kahohe thought about this. Suppose he went to No Toes. Would No Toes be kind to the motor? The mere thought of an accident to it made Kahohe shudder.

He shook his head. "I would not dare let another use my boat."

"The man who worked for you as your fisherman," said Oonatoa, "would be the second most important man on Roanonga. Do you think he would be careless with such a privilege?"

Kahohe was awestruck. She thought of everything! When Oonatoa spoke again, after a long stillness, it was as if she addressed the moonlight.

"The cowrie shells you gave Toti are pretty. She must be very happy, Kahohe, and very proud."

"You shall have a necklace, too!"

"Like hers, Kahohe?"

"Bigger!"

Rising, she smiled at him—with eyes as well as lips—before turning to greet her father, who was returning along the beach.

Since there was no longer any need for secrecy, Kahohe brought his motor out of hiding the next day and allowed the people of Roanonga to admire it. To impress them he raced his boat up and down past the village. Then he drew No Toes Rooea aside and began to talk business. No Toes was enthusiastic.

WHILE others worked in the hot sun, Kahohe sat on his new veranda and rejoiced in his new-found importance. He was never lonely, for the beautiful Oonatoa came daily to visit.

He bought a slender prau with twin bamboo outriggers from white-haired Wotho, who made the finest praus in Roanonga. In it he paddled Oonatoa to secret places where for hours on end they talked of love while watching the bright birds and butterflies in the branches overhead.

His house was finished. He built another, in case a hurricane should blow the first away. His garden was done; he extended it. At last there was nothing at all he wanted.

"You are lord of Roanonga," Oonatoa said, her gaze proud and possessive. "Even my father, the chief, has less than you."

All because of a motor and a few drums of petrol, Kahohe thought. What would he do when the petrol gave out? Go to Abemama for more? It was a long way. No one had ever travelled so far—no one living, at any rate. There were tales, handed down by wrinkled grandmothers, of men who had sailed their praus that far in the forgotten past. Still, it was a long way.

He was not worried. The drums

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would last a long time. What did trouble him was the fact that he was not sleeping well. Sometimes at night he scarcely closed his eyes.

One morning while walking the beach alone, he saw Toti searching with a sharpened stick in shallow water. He paused, unseen, to watch her. He had not seen her since the day his house was finished.

It was pleasant to watch her. She was not beautiful like Oonatoa, but she was surefooted and quick as a tern. He saw her spear a sea urchin.

She looked up and her gaze travelled coldly over him. "Well?"

"Let me help you."

"Help me? I am hunting for things to eat. Others do your hunting."

"Let me help," Kahohe insisted. "I have nothing else to do."

She shrugged. "I have only one spear. You will have to make one for yourself, if you still know how." But when he had found a bamboo clump and cut a stick, she was waiting.

Toti regarded him curiously. "Tell me—when will you and Oonatoa marry?"

Kahohe sat down. He was tired. Before, he could have walked from one end of Roanonga to the other without breathing hard, but now he was limp. "I can't marry anyone," he admitted glumly. "Something is wrong with me."

"Wrong? You are sick?"

"What it is, I don't know. Perhaps it is some ailment of the white men, which stung me when I opened the drums of petrol. You know how their doctors talked of germs."

Toti looked at him. "Why speak of it to me?"

"I don't know," Kahohe retorted, losing patience again. "I don't know why I speak to you at all, after your foolishness!"

He stood up and flung his spear and watched it hiss into the sand at the water's edge. Then he strode angrily away.

He did not get any better. He ate more; he lay in the sun more; he moved his mat to another room of the big house where the breeze from the sea was a night-long caress—yet day by day his ribs were more easily counted and his weariness increased.

He came to hate the big new house, especially the veranda. He went for long, lonely walks.

ONE day when he laid out the fish in front of his house, no one came to buy.

When it grew dark, he knew something was wrong. He went to the village.

The first man he encountered was old Maka, father of eleven children—a man who needed fish if ever one did.

"Thank you, no," the old man said firmly. "The ulua are poisonous. They make people ill."

"Who has been poisoned?"

Kahohe demanded.

"Toti has been poisoned."

"Toti!"

Enraged, he went to her house. Standing over the mat where she lay with her eyes shut, he accused her, in front of her mother and father and those who had followed him, of scheming to ruin him.

Her eyes opened slowly to look up at him and they were the eyes of a sick girl. But Kahohe would not believe it. "Nothing is wrong with the ulua!" he shouted. "It is only the talk of a foolish girl!"

In a rage, he returned home to sit brooding on the veranda. The night was half gone and he was still sitting there when a shadow moved

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Sign of Sincerity

AN old saw has it: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Let's translate this into modern language. It means: "Whatever you do, be sincere and do your best."

There is no surer sign of insincerity than when a man does something he knows is not his best.

The medieval cathedrals still stand. The modern jerry-built slums crumble and disappear. Truly, a sermon in stone!

by ROFFE THOMPSON

at the foot of the steps. It was No Toes Rooea.

"Kahohe!"

"What is it?" Kahohe demanded, rising.

"She is sick. Very sick, Kahohe. She calls for you."

"She is a cheat!"

"She calls for you, Kahohe."

No Toes went away and Kahohe paced the veranda. Up and down, up and down, clenching and unclenching his hands. He would not go. He would not! Even if she were really sick, it was no accident—she had poisoned herself deliberately, so as to blame the ulua and ruin him. Let her be sick! He would not go!

NO one spoke to him when he entered her house. The old men of the village were there, huddled about her, whispering.

"What is it? What is wrong?"

"She is dying, Kahohe. You can do nothing. Go home."

Kahohe looked at her dry lips and hot eyes, her lifeless hands and small, still breasts. She breathed—he could see that.

There was a white doctor at Abemama. A long way, such a long way! Kahohe went back to his house and sat on the veranda steps and looked at the sea. The great wide sea gleaming in the moonlight. Such a long way. It was not possible. A man would be the biggest kind of fool!

He leaped to his feet and hurried inside. Before he had finished carrying provisions to his prau, he was out of breath from running.

As he walked into the sea with his boat, a shadow halted on the path by the house and the voice of No Toes Rooea called out to him. "Kahohe! Where do you go at this time of night?"

"To get the white doctor and his medicine!"

To the house of the sick girl ran No Toes, trembling with his news. "Kahohe has gone with his motor to the white man's island!"

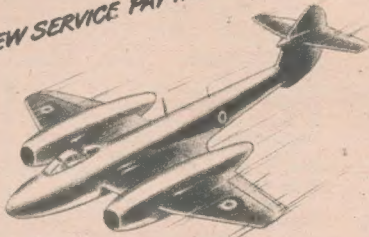
They heard but would not believe. In any case it would make no difference. "She is dying," the old men said sadly, gazing at the small form on the mat.

One by one they departed until only old Maka—who had eleven children—remained. He moved closer. No Toes lingered to watch him.

Old Maka bent above the girl and whispered, over and over, the same thing. "Hear me, Toti. Kahohe

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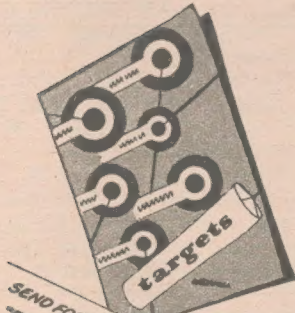
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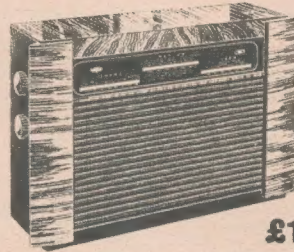


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—see coupon below

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. If coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contest in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

GRAND FESTIVAL YEAR PRESENTATION OFFER

coming in "Bulletin" dated January 6—apply on coupon below.

WHO wants the last £500 telegram of 1950—and an invitation to meet Johnny Goodbullet and the famous broadcaster Archie Andrews, at *Bullets* New Year Party?

Who wants the other 2,049 prizes offered this week, including more Party invitations, Hampers and an avalanche of postal orders?

Look through this week's winning *Bullets*. You could have made up any of them, couldn't you? Then use your coupon below to win a merry New Year!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Nation Of Workers
Cinderella Peace
They're British, So
Before Us
In Communism's Circus
To Forget
Tottering
The Frozen Mitt
Going By
A Nuisance
Flickering Flame
The Plumber
Musty And Dusty
Sandy's Sweetheart
On The Screen
Falling Over Himself
Anonymous Donor
Hero Of The Village
Deflated
Bit Of A Psychologist

Incomplete "Examples" see instructions

Left In The.....
Whatever.....Does
.....Slipped Up And
After The Third.....
Gave.....A Lift
In A.....State

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,762 (or Xword 714), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)



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FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Hamper: Mrs. W. Fisher, 27 Landswood Road, Langley, nr. Birmingham.

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£25 plus Hamper: A. Hasthorpe, 15 Litchdon Street, Barnstable: TO BEAT THE GERMS—INTO A "SWORD"—SATANIC!

OTHER AWARDS: £20: A. G. Sapey, 206 High Street, Croydon: COULD BE ONE, BUT—LOOK LIKE BEING SMITHERENS! £15: M. Warner, Upper Winchendon, near Aylesbury: DOESN'T SPILL MUCH—RUSSIA—BUT "UPSETS" EVERYTHING.

CASH AND FINE NEW XWORD PRIZES!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 714

- One may possibly give police an idea that will eventually lead to arrest
- Fried chips quite commonly accompany different kinds of
- People who run these make special efforts to attract people at Christmas
- Often the product of circumstances not at all happy
- A film's much advertised this is little guarantee of its quality
- It's hard on man once laden with honours to end his days in
- You needn't be old before walking up fairly steep hill makes you do this

Down Clues

- If it's only a pound, it's not a heavy one
- In circus, these look more imposing
- A man's this may not be good enough for his son
- Bad conditions can end in prisoners breaking out in one
- Having a good captain usually does this to make his team play better
- Conduct of children is not likely to be improved by parents frequently talking about
- In some sporting matches, the first two or three matter very little in the end
- Is sometimes used to prevent hasty or foolish action

10: J. B. Beggs, 73 Hillmount Gardens, Finaghy, Belfast: MEMORY OF HIROSHIMA—YET GREEN, YET GREED—
9: Miss D. Perry, 36 Aubrey Road, Bristol: THINK OF THE FUTURE AND—BLANCH—PAST, AND BLUSH! 8: J. H. Crosby, 4 Metcalf Avenue, King's Lynn: THROUGH HER DEFENCES—I STRUGGLED TO—"Captivity"! 7: K. C. Tutthill, 14 Penbrea Road, Penzance: IN IVAN'S HOME—BORIS "LIBERATES" SISTER'S TOYS! 6: Mrs. M. E. Cox, 2 York Road, Canterbury: IF DAD WON A FORTUNE—ETON THREATENED WITH Alfie!

(Above 7 winners each also receives Hamper.)

For five winners of £5 plus Hamper, and five of £2 10s. plus Hamper, see "Bullets" Bulletin dated December 2. Winners of 100 Fowls have been notified, and 2,000 2s. 6d. Postal Orders posted.

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79 XMAS FEASTS WON—XWORD 709

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 3. Pot. 4. Herd. 11. Vocal. 13. Wrack. 14. Wines. 15. Less. DOWN: 1. Chaps. 2. Drill. 5. Map. 6. Hay. 7. Report or Retort. 8. Picket. 9. Jab. 10. Brain. 12. Locks.

THREE £100 SHARERS (entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): C. Gesten, 20 Longden Avenue, Huddersfield; D. Gibbs, 30 The Glebe, Camborne; R. Jones, 26 Prestbury Road, Cheltenham.

For entries differing at two points only, 76 entrants share awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up. Winners and 1st Runners-up receive Grand Xmas Dinners in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

has gone to bring the white man's medicine." Over and over.

The old man was still at her side when late the third day, after all hope was gone, a murmur filled the air and a bright speck shone in the sky. All Roanonga—all but Maka and the sick girl—gathered to watch a seaplane skim the lagoon.

Kahohe had come back! And with a doctor! Shouting like children, they bore him to Toti's house.

When he emerged, long later, Oonatoa was waiting. "Kahohe," she said, "where is your boat? Where is the motor?"

He crossed his arms on his chest and faced her with a smile. There was a change in him: he was thin and hard again and his eyes were bright.

"The motor I threw away," he said calmly. "It wore out. It was worn out even before I got there. Some of the way I had to paddle."

"Worn out! And for her—for Toti! You could have been a chief."

"I am still Kahohe. What else matters?"

She turned from him with a scornful toss of her head. But Kahohe did not call her back. He only smiled, as if amused.

"Everything I have is yours," Kahohe said to the white doctor. "It is yours, for coming. Please to try your very best to make Toti well." This last was like a prayer.

THE doctor looked at him curiously. "She will get well," he said. "I will give her an injection, as I gave you. You're a brave man, Kahohe. It took courage to attempt such a voyage. But if you are to be married soon—as you told me—what will your wife say about giving me all you own?"

"I am not to be married," Kahohe admitted sadly. "The woman I want will not have me. I was too big a fool."

At this the old men of the village, who had come to watch the white doctor perform his miracles, blinked in amazement. One said, "Is it true? Has Oonatoa refused you?"

"This is the one I love," Kahohe looked humbly at the small form on the mat. "My heart told me so when I had only the sea to talk to, with the waves high as mountains. But she hates me. She poisoned herself to ruin me."

Old Maka, who had sat so long at Toti's side, arose with creaking joints and peered into Kahohe's long face. "Not to ruin you," he said. "To save you. You would have ruined yourself."

As he spoke, the lids of Toti's eyes quivered and opened. Then she saw Kahohe bending above her and her eyes opened wide and her hands rose, reaching.

"Kahohe!"
The doctor said softly: "Maybe she won't need my treatment. It seems to me the medicine they need is each other."
THE END

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

NOVEL and VALUABLE SURPRISE BONUSSES

A novel Surprise Presentation accompanies each of this week's 30 Hamper Prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

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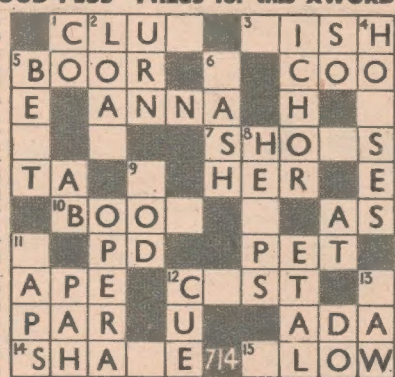
575

£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 6.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Puzzle and Form 714 Closing Postmark, strictly copyright Monday, Dec. 18

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